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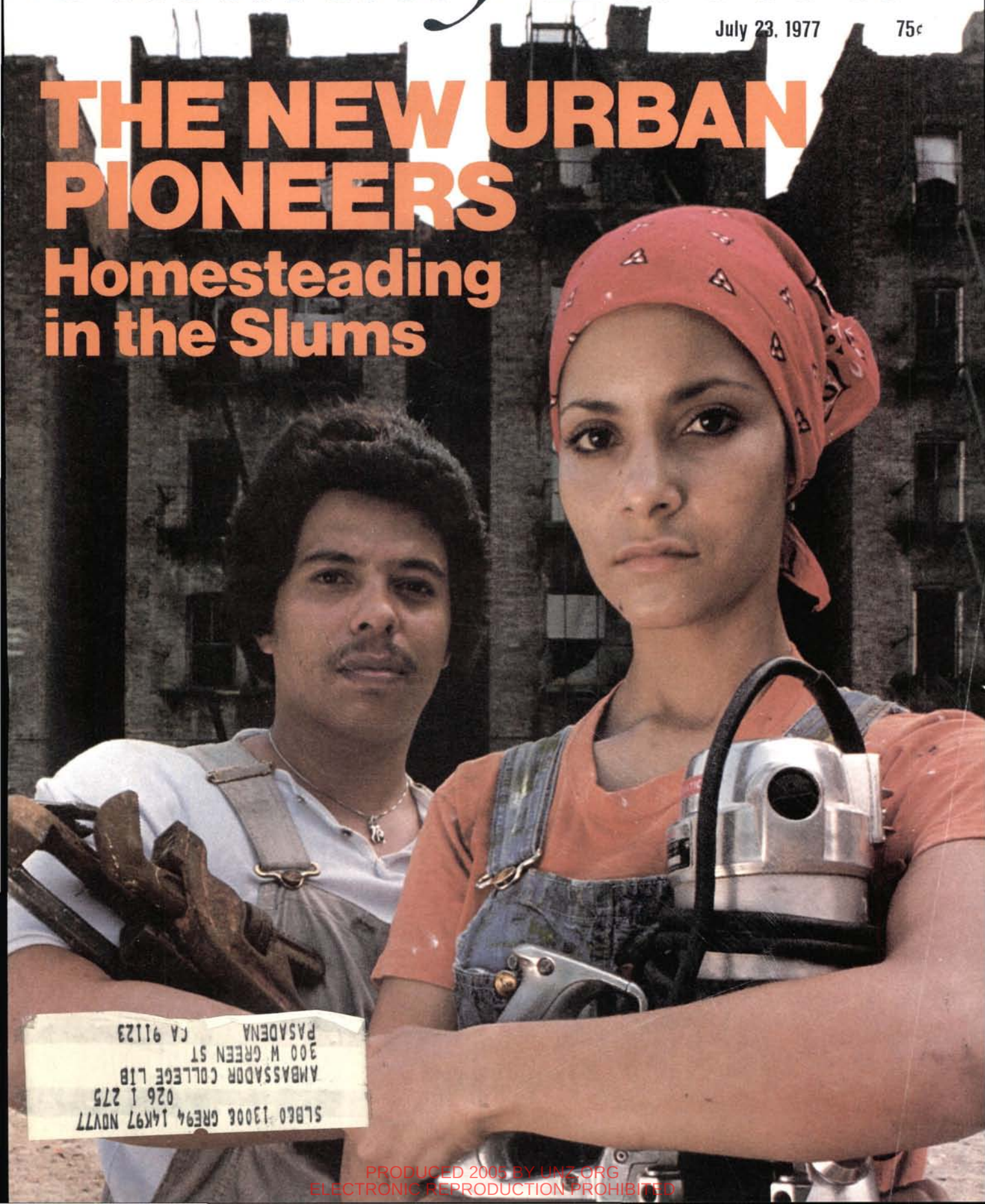

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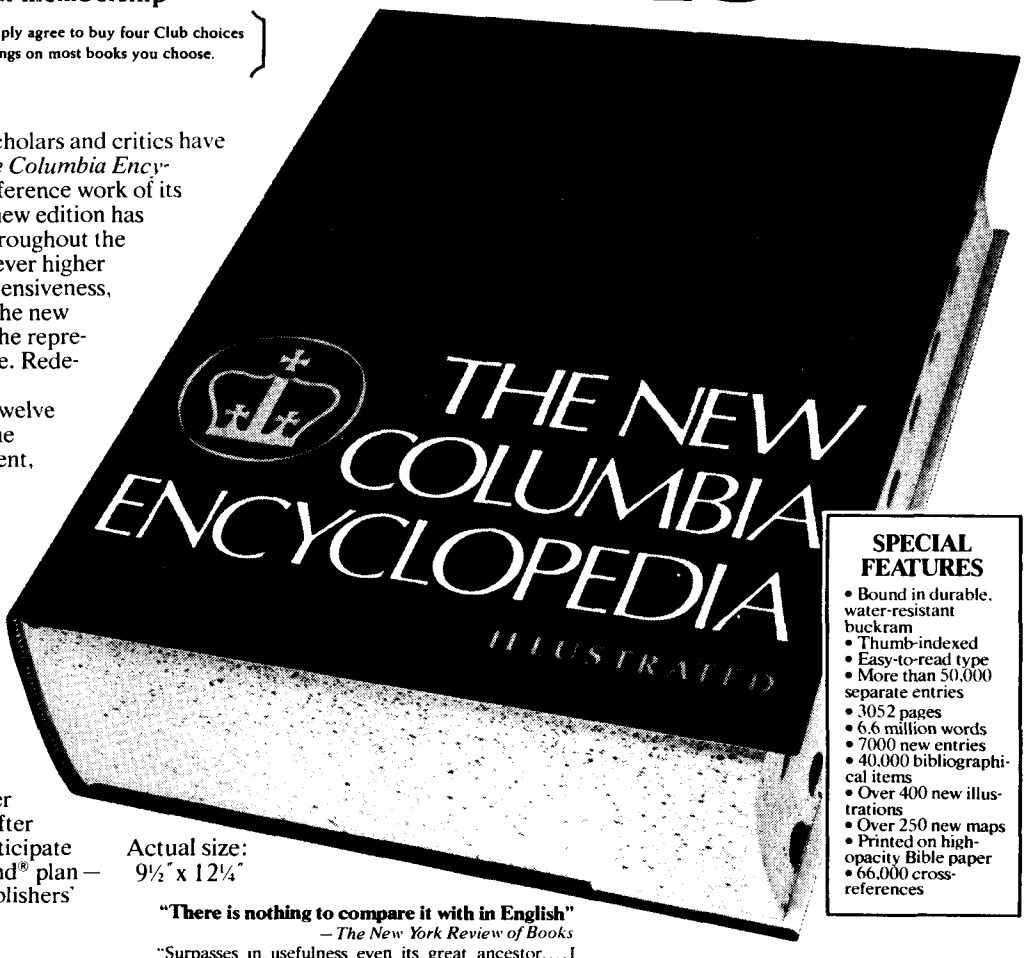

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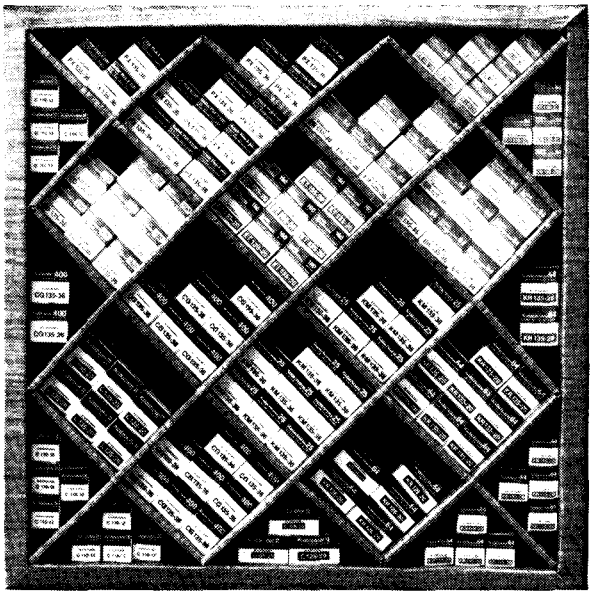

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No Peace by Proxy

"Israelis see no point in going to Geneva if the United States is going to give away all their bargaining chips before the conference begins."

Jerusalem

THE mood in Israel today is far less resilient than it was only two years ago. At that time, *flexibility* was not a dirty word. No one, obviously, was advocating that the nation give up its birthright, but neither did people shun serious discussion about exchanging territory for recognition of their right to exist as a nation.

Today, however, Israelis have very little interest in policies of "accommodation." A reflection of the tightened political climate is the election of a hard-line government. This change may be a signal to everyone, including the United States, that the Israelis have no intention of going to a peace conference where all the main points affecting their destiny have already been decided. The Israelis are properly grateful to the United States for all the help they have received, but they want to keep decisions in their own hands on matters affecting their survival. They will not accept peace by proxy.

After living under unrelenting tension for 30 years, the people have drawn the line against anything that smacks of compromise. They have been through four wars. They have taken an active part in the defense of their country with a totality and intensity seldom known in modern history. (The percentage of Israelis in the military service would translate in the U.S. to 75 million Americans.)

An entire generation has come of age under conditions of increasing deprivation. Salaries run about one-third of what they do in the United States. Because of national defense the government takes about 50 percent of all personal income. Living expenses boggle the mind. A gallon of gasoline costs four dollars. Comparatively few people can afford a car; an automobile that can be bought in the United States for $4,500 carries a price tag of almost $16,000.

The Israelis are willing to put up with such pressures, tensions, and deprivations so long as they know they are saving a country. But they fear they are now being asked to make concessions, in the name of peace, that will jeopardize their existence. It is not to be expected that such a people would acquiesce in their own destruction.

So they are speaking up and asking questions. They want to know whether the Arab countries would have returned captured Israeli territory had they been successful in 1967 and in the Yom Kippur War of 1973. The Israelis know that the Arabs have been playing for keeps. They can't forget that President Nasser of Egypt was not making idle propaganda in 1967 when he declared that his aim was to drive Israel into the sea. It was this pronouncement that touched off the 1967 war and that resulted in a rout of the Egyptian forces.

Nor can they forget that in 1973 the outside world issued no ultimatum to Egypt or Syria when their tanks were racing toward an apparent crushing victory, pushing Israel to the verge of annihilation. Only when the Israeli forces reversed the tide of battle and were in a position to press on to Alexandria and even Cairo were there cries to stop the war. The Soviet Union in particular threatened to intervene militarily on the side of the Arabs. The United States, eager to keep the Middle East from becoming the torch of a world war, put maximum pressure on Israel to break off the action against Egypt and Syria.

The end of the 1973 war, however, was not without promise. Thanks largely to the persistent and personal diplomacy of Henry Kissinger, a stage for eventual settlement was fashioned. Kissinger was very careful not to go public with any grand design for peace in the Middle East. He was successful primarily because he went at problems one at a time; he was more concerned about creating a basis for negotiations than about predetermining the outcome of those negotiations. But Kissinger is now gone. Today, U.S. administration officials, including the President and the Vice-President, have shown little hesitation in defining what they think the peace terms should be. They have endorsed the idea of a Palestinian state on the West Bank and the return of all the occupied territories in exchange for full recognition of Israel by the Arab nations. The Israelis feel this puts them at a negotiating disadvantage. They see no point in going to Geneva if the United States is going to give away all their bargaining chips even before the conference begins.

It may make good sense for the Palestinians to have a state on the West Bank, but Israelis feel it would be foolish indeed to make this mammoth concession before they are satisfied that such a state would not become a springboard for the eventual conquest of Israel.

Next, it is naïve and irresponsible to advise the Israelis to accept a partition of Jerusalem. So far as the outside world is concerned, the main issue posed by Jerusalem concerns the safety of, and access to, the holy places. This issue calls for careful negotiations. To begin a Geneva conference with the assumption that Israel will turn over Jerusalem just because the United States or anyone else thinks she should do so is to misjudge completely the mood of the Israeli people.

On the Jerusalem issue, as on all others, the Israelis have demonstrated that they would rather die than see their nation enfeebled and truncated. Not to understand this fact is to jeopardize any negotiations.

The issue for the Israelis, as it is for the Palestinians, is justice. No means, however, now exist for disposing and administering international justice. The failure here applies not just to the Middle East but to the entire world. Unless corrected in our time, this failure could lead to a global holocaust. The cause of world order, therefore, becomes a direct challenge to every person on earth. —N.C.

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Letters from Readers

Anatomy of an Illness

I don't know how many hundreds of articles I have read about health and medicine, but I am sure that "Anatomy of an Illness (as Perceived by the Patient)" [May 28] is the best I have seen so far. It is a wonderfully thoughtful, inquiring, and helpful report. If it is possible to get more articles of this nature in *SR*, I think a great many of us would benefit.

David W. Ewing
Executive Editor
Harvard Business Review

N.C.'s article is most enlightening and in a way supports some of our findings from a study of people ninety-five years of age and older. I am referring to the importance of psychological factors in good health and long life.

SR is to be commended for giving the full details of an illness for the benefit of the medical profession and for the public.

George Gallup
The Gallup Poll

After many years of teaching the details of drug use, abuse, and toxicity, I have learned that the majority of medical students eventually mature into good physicians, but their appreciation of the values and dangers of drugs is not adequately reinforced. Drug prescription tends to become dogmatic. Little attention is paid to the role of physiological processes and drug side effects during recovery from disease. The recent emphasis on the use of drugs to treat the symptoms of mental disease has led to the replacement of psychotherapeutics with psychopharmacology.

N.C.'s compelling account of his recovery will, I hope, be an effective tool for teaching medical students to develop informed and open minds about the chemicals they will prescribe.

Dr. Steven Mayer
Director, Division of Pharmacology
University of California, San Diego

I found N.C.'s article exhilarating; I offer him my congratulations for having had the wisdom and temerity to join the fight against his own illness, replacing mimicry with thoughtfulness, replacing dependency with collaborative participation. His insistence on the importance of the life-force seems most valid. I often think that psychiatric illness can be best understood as the incompletely successful self-undermining of that life-force.

Dr. Martin Cooperman
Associate Medical Director
Austen Riggs Center
Stockbridge, Mass.

After having spent 47 years as a physician, 45 of them as a psychiatrist, I find that N.C.'s article awakens memories. We have tried to tell our colleagues of the emotional components of illness and of the feeling that must exist between a doctor and patient.

I regret that hospitals have gotten big and complicated and dependent upon so many people and some unions. I'm in admiration of N.C.'s scientific detective work and also of the fact that he points out the capacity of the human mind and body to regenerate. I have held for years that many people die because they have quit.

Dr. Francis Braceland
Senior Consultant, The Institute of Living
Hartford, Conn.

As one who visited N.C. in the hospital and in the hotel suite during those dark days of 1964, I can attest that the perception of this observer agrees precisely with the perception of the patient. Fascinating testimony!

John Mack Carter
New York, N. Y.

There are some things a man cannot do however hard he wills them: he cannot fly by his own power; he cannot run with a cheetah; and he cannot lift a ton. But the rationality of science tends to draw the boundaries tighter than the human spirit warrants. One cannot read *SR* long without fostering an affection for the editor that grows each time he asserts the power of the spirit over formulas, equations, and final proofs. His recent contribution in this area surpasses all his others.

It's unusual enough these days for someone to echo Walt Whitman's resounding "yes" to life. It's unheard of for someone to make pragmatic therapy of this affirmation. Science now admits that depression is physically debilitating, and most of us know instinctively, secularism notwithstanding, that despair is sinful. But for a man who addresses the world to posit a compound of love, laughter, and willpower as tomorrow's proven cure . . . well, I hope Cousins won't need an epitaph for a long time, but that would be a good one for him.

John Swinton
College of Human Development
Pennsylvania State University

Physicians frequently note that there is a science of medicine completely separate from the "art" of medicine; the art is rarely described as poignantly as N.C. has described it. Unfortunately, the art of medicine is all too often generally adopted and turned to "science" in

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Letters (continued from page 5)

an effort to expedite the care of many patients. The overall effect of the need to be exact, to be scientific, is unfortunate; the excitement gained from creative treatment is lost.

Conversely, many of the problems of modern medical care clearly relate back to the patient. Too few patients complain when representatives from every laboratory in the hospital arrive to draw blood at all hours; too few question their physicians about the medications being prescribed and about interactions between those medicines. And too few question a physician's diagnosis. The desire for documentation of a debilitating or fatal illness should be a natural response.

A patient does not need N.C.'s sophistication or medical background to express his will to live. Unfortunately, too many physicians surround themselves with an aura of authority and power that intimidates their patients and may stifle their patients' desire to direct their own destinies. N.C.'s concept of a "partnership" might dispel some of the strain in doctor-patient relationships.

It is my hope that the article will be widely read and that it might even become required reading for graduating senior medical students. It is also something that we, as practicing physicians, should reread on a yearly basis.

Dr. Gerald Bordin
Scripps Clinic Medical Institutions
La Jolla, Calif.

The heroic-sounding "Will To Live" had always struck me as a rare commodity enjoyed only by a few extraordinary people unlike me—people who climb Mt. Everest, or cut the Gordian knot, or lie in a dungeon in the Château d'If. The article "Anatomy of an Illness (as Perceived by the Patient)" shows that the will to live belongs to everybody and that an illness need not comprehend an obligatory protocol of surrender for the patient.

Pascal Heuga
Martinez, Calif.

Thank heavens that N.C. and Mother Nature did not go to medical school and thereby have to replace objectivity and curiosity with dogma and memorization!

I strongly disagree with the medical opinion that N.C. was "probably the beneficiary of a mammoth venture in self-administered placebos." I am convinced that Ana Aslan was correct when she suggested that willpower, via channels suggested by biofeedback research, enhanced the body's intrinsic drugstore in its endocrine glands and its constant search for homeostasis so that it produced more complicated and comprehensive chemotherapy than is available at any medical center in the world.

Dr. Gerald Looney
School of Medicine
University of Southern California

N.C.'s article is a monument to individualism, and I admire his gutsy struggle against the high technology and mindless bureaucracy of medi-land. If the process of medicalization continues to intrude even deeper into the reaches of our everyday lives, we can look forward to the day when our every twinge or stumble will bring instant medical therapy. Articles such as his are critically important for developing a sort of class consciousness among concerned consumers.

Prof. Richard Hessler
School of Medicine
University of Missouri, Columbia

I was particularly interested in N.C.'s comments that his doctor encouraged him to believe that he was a "respected partner," and I am reminded of that famous novelist Albert Camus, who said, "Don't walk in front of me, I may not follow. Don't walk behind me, I may not lead. Walk beside me, and just be my friend." It seems N.C.'s doctor was.

Robert G. Carter
New Haven, Conn.

N.C.'s experience fits into a widening perspective on health now beginning to emerge in the public mind. It is good to see this information made available to physicians who find it difficult to understand the potential of the patient as a source of healing and judgment.

Prof. Lowell Levin
School of Medicine
Yale University

It seemed to me that N.C.'s article was, to a large extent, summed up in the motto I have taken for my own case (chemotherapy for cancer in bones and lung) from J. M. Barrie's address to the students at St. Andrew's in the 1920s: "Courage is the thing. All goes if courage goes. Be not merely courageous, but lighthearted and gay."

Evelyn K. Johnston
Brockville, Ontario

N.C.'s experience is a positive statement of the truth of the Maslovian theory: that man should see himself not as average, but at the extreme height of his capabilities.

Netter Worthington
United States International University
San Diego, Calif.

N.C.'s observations about the placebo effect were stimulating. While I think I appreciate pharmacological principles more than I did five or ten years ago, I am even more impressed with the skillful encouragement of whatever it takes to turn on the body's own defense/healing mechanisms.

Dr. Robert Thompson
Brawley, Calif.

It appears to be more than coincidental that N.C.'s improvement followed the stopping of inordinate quantities of aspirin. His hives and itching could certainly be attributed to this drug. Salicylates seem to cross-react with many artificial food colors and flavors; these compounds can, in individuals with the appropriate genetic profiles, induce adverse reactions affecting practically every system of the body.

Dr. Ben Feingold
Chief Emeritus, Department of Allergy
Kaiser Permanente Medical Center
San Francisco, Calif.

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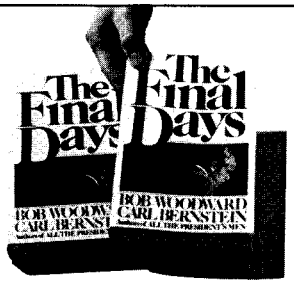

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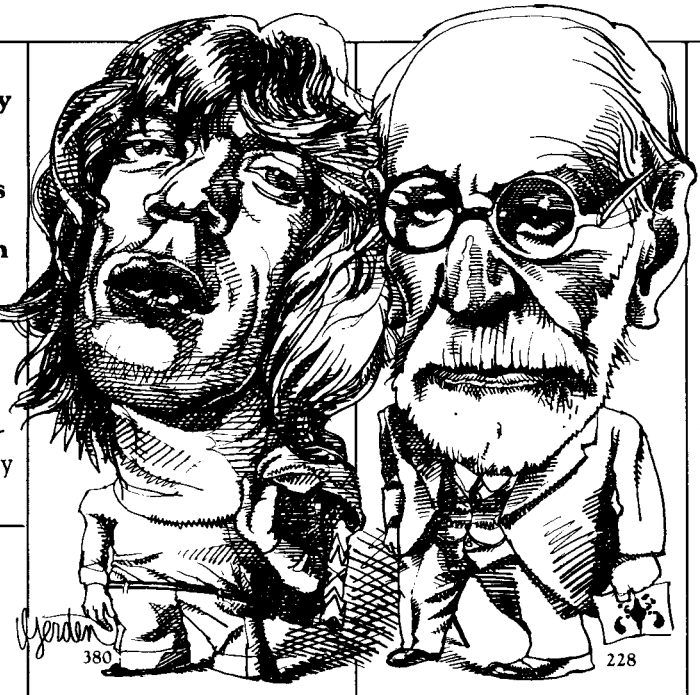

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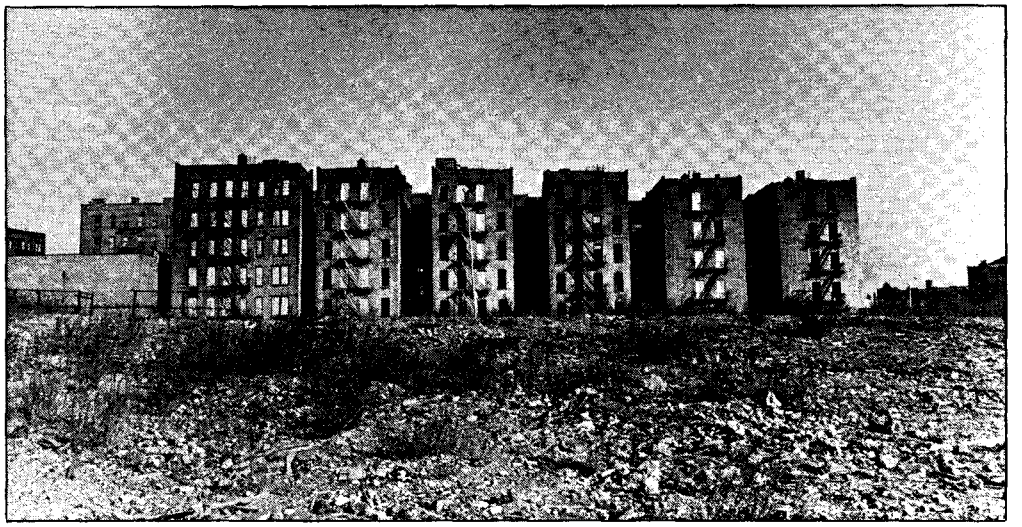

THE NEW URBAN PIONEERS
Homesteading in the Slums

by Roger M. Williams

TALKING rapidly and in bursts, Danny Soto Diaz hunkered down amid broken plaster and other products of demolition that littered the South Bronx tenement. Spring sunshine filtered through paneless windows, bathing the desolation in a warm but eerie light. Street sounds—portable radios and playing children and laughing adults idle on a midweek afternoon—punctuated the tomblike quiet of the gutted building.

Soto, a twenty-two-year-old Puerto Rican with shrewd eyes and a quick smile, has seen many a city tenement, but this one is special to him. He and a group composed primarily of young, low-income blacks and Hispanics want to transform the tenement and several more like it into attractive, eminently livable apartment buildings.

The method of this transformation is called "sweat equity," which in simple terms means investing toil rather than money in a piece of real estate. "Toil" is almost a euphemism for the work involved—exhausting and sometimes dangerous demolition, performed in the extremes of climate and the accumulation of several decades' worth of structural abuse and neglect.

Sweat equity has caught hold in several desolate areas of New York City, and its progress is being closely monitored by housing experts nationwide. Although its significance can easily be overestimated, sweat equity is at the least one of the most arresting and heartwarming developments to hit the inner city in decades. Where it has worked, as in Soto's neighborhood, it has offered a good place to live and a sense of purpose and community to people who have difficulty remembering when they last had any of these things.

Danny Soto's group is the People's Development Corporation (PDC), in several respects the most impressive of New York's sweat equity operations. Visionary as well as practical, the PDC has developed a list of projects that reaches far beyond what is thus far its one tangible accomplishment—the rehabilitation, into 28 apartments and several common rooms, of an abandoned tenement at 1186 Washington Avenue. Among the projects: creating a small but leafy park, now half complete; forming a food cooperative; building a "solar greenhouse"; and, most important, "rehab-ing" additional tenements in the vicinity of 1186.

In one of these, a heap of rubble surrounded by four brick walls, Soto spoke of earthly realities and of the high-flown dreams of the PDC. "All around this area you see people sleeping in doorways, drinking all day, cleaning a car for three dollars when they can get it. Their fathers taught 'em nothing, and they don't know nothing. We want to change all that. We want to create a village of ten thousand people surviving on their own, with their own firemen, police patrols, schools—people for maybe forty blocks living good, the way everybody else lives good in this country."

Turning 40 of Soto's blocks into an area for "living good" will take more than the PDC. It will take a fair-size miracle. This section of the South Bronx, and others like it, exists in the most appalling state of urban decay that a middle-class

The PDC and its rehabilitated South Bronx tenement—"One of the most arresting and heartwarming developments to hit the inner city in decades."

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journalist is likely to confront. Every second building, it seems, is abandoned and usually burned out; those that aren't look so shabby that they appear barely habitable. (In fact, there are tens of thousands of units of abandoned housing in the South Bronx alone.) Refuse lies strewn, with a look of permanence, across streets and sidewalks. The inhabitants walk, lounge, even work with an air of patient dejection. Worst of all, nothing appears to be changing, or appears likely to change, for the better. Defeat hovers like an invisible and suffocating fog.

The 1100 block of Washington Avenue looks better than its near neighbors. It contains a stucco Evangelical Church of God, a couple of sturdy-looking detached houses, and a public-housing apartment building—ugly but structurally sound—that the PDC helped rescue for its tenants. One block west runs celebrated Park Avenue, in this area just another grimy street. And one block east lies a stretch of Third Avenue whose wretchedness is truly outstanding. All but a few of its intact buildings are unoccupied, and most of the rest have been burned. At the south corner, an entire two-story commercial building—restaurant, liquor store, and seven unidentifiable shops—sits in utter ruin, its ground floor contents spilling onto the sidewalk like the intestines of an eviscerated animal.

Members of the PDC and other enthusiasts of neighborhood organization insist that all this is changing. Everywhere in the South Bronx, they say, groups are working to reverse the tide, to resurrect their community, phoenixlike, from its own ashes. The task is so formidable that the PDC, with its one success, has come to symbolize the struggle. The PDC, after all, has totally renovated a tenement in which the renovators themselves, new role models for the neighborhood, will live in the manner of the middle class. It has also created an organization capable of conceiving, promoting, and perhaps completing ambitious plans for further projects.

Sweat equity took hold in New York City about five years ago, and it has enjoyed a remarkable growth. "Each project creates several more," says Philip St. Georges, director of the Urban Homesteading Assistance Board (UHAB), which provides technical aid to the city's sweat equity groups. "Twenty-six building renovations have started in the last year, and another fifty or so are in the planning stage. People see it happening and say, 'If they can do it, so can we.' "

Of the six "sweat buildings" that preceded the PDC's

Photographs by Mark Haven

Heat from the sun—"An innovation but hardly a frill."

"The basement was the worst: ice-cold mud up to the knees, refuse that defied the imagination, fleas that accompanied the workers home."

undertaking, all are fully occupied, and all save one are on sound financial footing. The exception is an East Harlem project managed by a street gang named the Renegades. It had construction overruns of about $70,000, with attendant bad publicity, but UHAB believes its worst days are over. A project on Manhattan's East Eleventh Street experienced a couple of delays in meeting mortgage deadlines, but it is now so healthy that its parent group, Adopt-a-Building, is starting several others in the neighborhood.

St. Georges calls the PDC's performance "in many respects the most impressive of all. Of course, the PDC had the advantage of learning from the mistakes of others, but the main element has been its own strong leadership." The PDC's people, St. Georges finds, are unusually sophisticated about economics and about how to deal with "the system."

Other observers disagree about how well the PDC is attuned to the system, but none denies Ramon Rueda's leadership qualities or their critical importance to sweat equity. "I call this 'housing by charisma,' " says a Bronx political observer. "Its success depends on a leader and the group's willingness to follow him. How else can you get people essentially hostile to their own environment to turn around and clean it up? The leader doesn't have to be authoritarian—in fact, he probably couldn't get away with that—but he has to be somebody who can set the pace."

In the often touchy, egalitarian atmosphere at the PDC, Ramon Rueda answers that description. Slender, with a trim beard and wire-rim glasses, he has risen to first among equals because of his twin abilities to act decisively in the PDC's interest and yet to satisfy its members that he remains responsive to their wishes. He blends street wisdom and quasi-radical social ideology in a manner that keeps both street people and ideologues happy—and that impresses and intimidates government bureaucrats.

Born in East Harlem, Rueda moved to the Bronx as a boy and grew up relatively sheltered from the buffeting of the slums. "I had no problems with drugs or street fighting," he says, "because my ma and grandma kept us tight." He adds softly: "But all the friends I grew up with are lost now, a half a dozen of them, to drugs or heavy drinking."

Rueda got into community organization as a high school senior and into radical politics as a student at the State University of New York at Farmingdale, where reading and heady Sixties-style rap sessions "turned me on to the growing people's revolution around the world." In 1971, he went underground to avoid the draft. Surfacing two years later as a shoe salesman in Manhattan, he was caught by the FBI, convicted, and given a three-year suspended sentence. Rueda contained his bitterness, started working with a discussion group "to find out why things are the way they are," and enrolled in a New York University course in urban housing. The course yielded entrée and insights into New York's Byzantine housing practices. Soon thereafter, in December 1974, Rueda formed the People's Development Corporation.

The PDC has attracted an unusual mixture of back-

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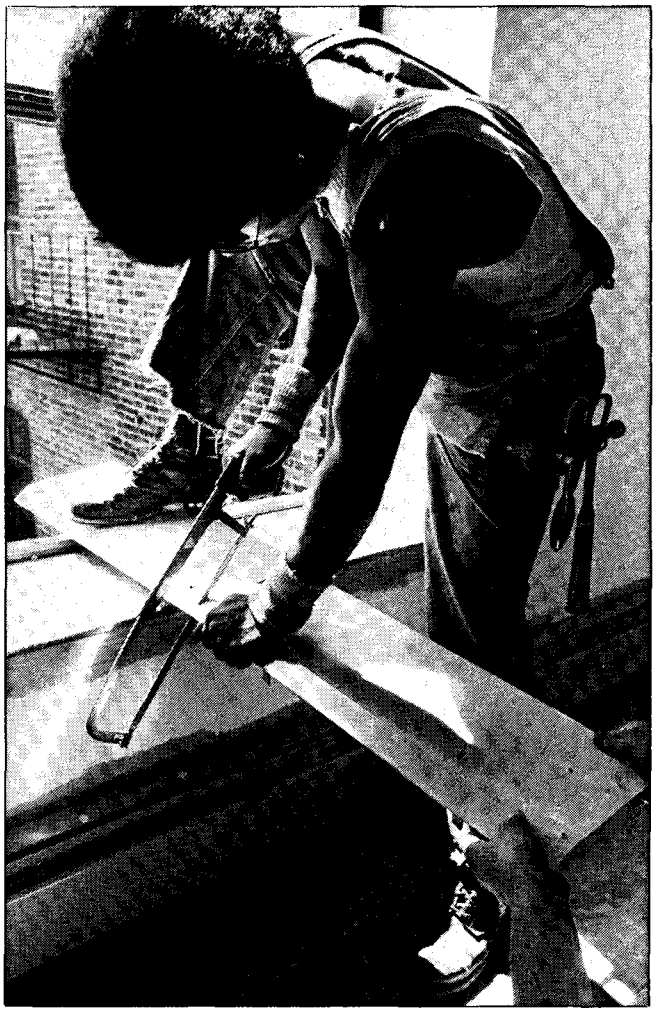
Photographs by Mark Haven

Investing toil rather than money in a piece of real estate—"For the neighborhood, new role models about to live in the manner of the middle class."



grounds and personalities. More than half of the group's 40-odd members are Spanish-speaking Americans. A majority of the others are black. The educational level ranges from high school dropout to college graduate. A number of the younger members are in the process of putting themselves through college. Women, who account for about a third of the membership, have worked alongside the men at the grittiest jobs and have handled numerous management functions as well. The overall project manager is a woman; so are the directors of PDC offshoots that deal with food, health, and tenant organization. The handful of whites includes a couple of Rueda's fellow radicals from the Sixties, who bring to the organization a familiarity with abstract thinking and a knack for articulating the PDC's philosophy.

Among the whites is twenty-five-year-old Steve Katz, bearded, soft-spoken, a few years out of Oberlin College, who became interested in housing "as an academic exercise." He quit graduate school in New York to throw in with the PDC. His specialty there is economic development—"getting our various projects to work and to fit together."

For Katz, his association with the people of the South Bronx has been an almost cathartic experience. "I've got all this information stored in my head," he says, "but they've got the experience. If any one thing motivates us, it's distrust of centralized power. There's got to be a way to rearrange how decisions get made in this society. If there's anything radical about the People's Development Corporation, that's it. People are brought up to work within and accept established hierarchies. We're trying to break that

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down, inside as well as outside this organization."

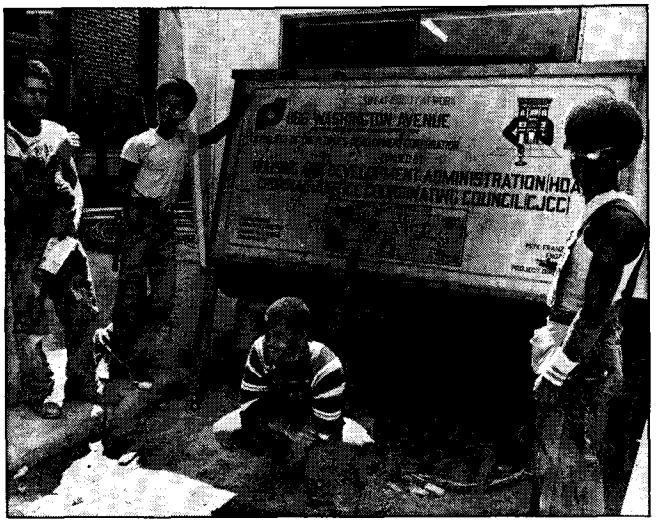
Uffe Surland, thirty, is a Danish citizen with architectural training. Among his tasks has been the designing of one of the PDC's rehabs-to-come. True to the PDC spirit, his design reflects the wishes of the people who will live in that building: "I sit down with them and a piece of paper. I draw, they draw; we both teach and learn at the same time. What do I learn? How people really want to live, which is what an architect is supposed to do."

Once the group had assembled, Rueda "staked out" the building at 1186 Washington Avenue to use as a laboratory for testing his theories on neighborhood organization. The building was more than 70 years old, and its life had mirrored the changes besetting the South Bronx. Its tenant population had gone from working-class whites to working-class blacks and Hispanics to welfare clients. About all that survived was the oddly romantic name, "Venice Hall," inscribed above the entrance. When the PDC took over, Venice Hall was abandoned except for two squatters who were getting no services except for running water.

Why such a run-down building? A PDC member explains: "We wanted a place where anything we did would be an improvement."

The PDC bought 1186 from the city, which had claimed it for default of taxes, for one dollar. (Each of the additional five buildings has cost $500, still a bargain.) The first requirement was to clean out and gut the rotting six-story structure; it was an exhausting and at times a loathsome task, performed by the group with no outside financial assistance. Rubble, rats, and feces were everywhere, and dead dogs were commonplace. The basement was the worst: ice-cold mud up to the knees, refuse that defied the imagination, fleas that accompanied the workers home. "We used to talk about finding a body there," recalls Soto. "We'd tell each other, 'Just keep digging, man, don't worry about it.' " When the mountains of junk could be piled no higher, the PDC persuaded city sanitation men and sympathetic private contractors to haul them away.

Inside its brick-and-stone shell, the building was totally gutted save for plyboard flooring, most of the stairways, and about half of the ceiling beams. In February 1975, with their work barely under way, the PDC people went to City Hall in search of money. The Housing Development Authority (HDA) balked, so Rueda built up pressure. At the office of



Photographs by Mark Haven

PDC signboard—"No limits on self-reliance."

" 'We want to create a village of ten thousand people surviving on their own—living good, the way everybody else lives good in this country.' "

the city housing administrator, who had infuriated ghetto leaders by proclaiming a policy of "planned shrinkage" for New York, PDC members and friends became so aggressive that 31 of them were arrested. At a UHAB-sponsored meeting, several dozen members showed up carrying tools, wearing hard hats, and looking and sounding generally menacing.

"It was fun, but it was Mau-Mauing for sure," says St. Georges of these and other performances. "The PDC people used charges of racism, of bias against the South Bronx, and so on. Some of the accusations were true, but they were deliberately overplayed. It was a risky way to try to get government money."

The tactics worked, however, although not without a last-minute threat of failure. With its loan program about to terminate because of the city's financial plight, the HDA agreed to consider the PDC's request two days before the termination. The request was rejected on the grounds that nonessentials in the rehab plan made the carrying charges too high. That left one day in which to revise the package. According to St. Georges, the PDC at that point almost blew the whole project: "I told Ramon he'd have to cut out the frills—a roof garden, plantings, a big music room, and so on. That would bring the per room carrying charge down from forty-three dollars to thirty-nine dollars. He said he couldn't do that, so I did it—on the final night—and I handed in a revised package the next morning. That made me a villain at the PDC, but the loan got approved."

Even today, after extensive cooperation between the PDC and the UHAB, Rueda denounces St. Georges's action as "plantationism . . . the kind of thing we're not going to be subjected to anymore." Rueda also defends the items in question: "They were justified by our hard work and input. We wanted a total building functionalism here, so the tenants could participate as a community instead of just living in their own cubicles. Anyway, *we* would have paid for all that in the end, as part of the carrying charges." As it is, there is a large recreation-meeting room in the building and a basketball-handball court behind it. There is also a solar heating unit—a real innovation—but that hardly can be considered a frill: the unit will provide about 85 percent of the building's hot water.

The city construction loan was worth $311,000; it carried the stipulation that rehabilitation had to be completed within one year. The PDC added a $19,000 loan from the Consumer-Farmer Foundation and a $220,000 grant, under a job training contract, from the state Criminal Justice Coordinating Council ("All of us were supposed to be hardened criminals," says Rueda wryly). It also added two summers' worth of Youth Services workers—high school dropouts paid by the city—who finished preparing 1186 for reconstruction and cleaned up the nearby lot that has become Unity Park. At the moment, the park's most striking feature is a huge mural painted on the side of the adjacent building. Composed by Surland and a tall, amiable black named Lavern Mitchell, the mural depicts every PDC member twice life size.

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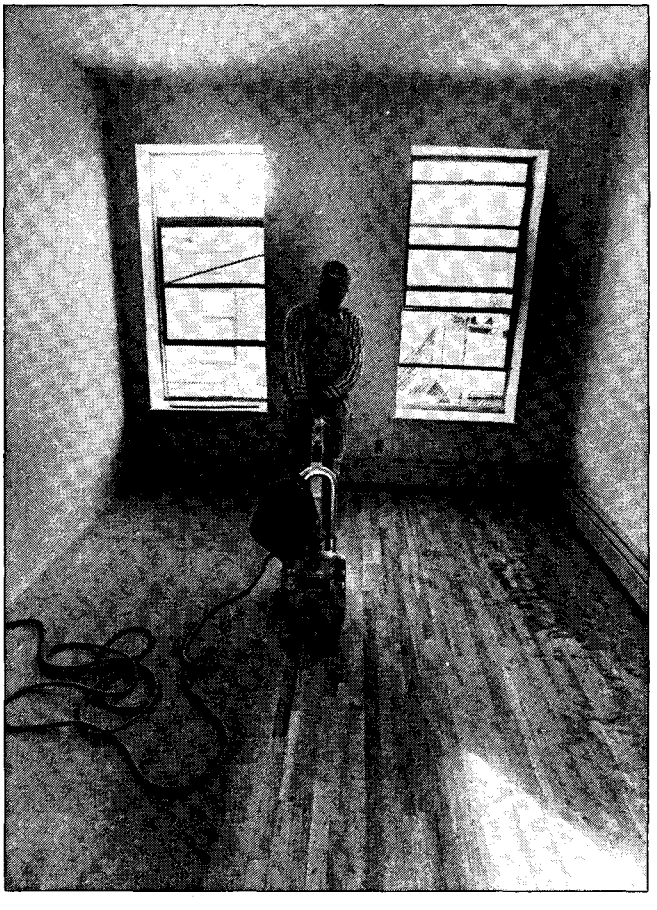
Photographs by Mark Haven

The joys of rehab—"One PDC member has equipped his new studio apartment with track lighting, a canopied bar, and 'the only sunken bathroom in the Bronx.' "



All this energy and newfound fund-raising ability left the PDC bereft of a rather important ingredient: the know-how to reconstruct the building its workers had gutted. Obviously, skilled craftsmen were essential, but how to get them on a tight budget and without complying with union work rules?

The answer was to train PDC members in the various trades needed in rehab and to use skilled craftsmen only as teachers and foremen. For a while the only craftsman on the job was Carlos Rosas, a construction supervisor who'd been working in Manhattan. Rosas gave basic instruction in the carpentry tasks that had to be completed before other work could proceed. At first dismayed by the ineptitude he encountered ("They couldn't handle a hammer or saw or anything"), he soon felt proud of his charges: "They were jumping from being kids to being men—gentlemen."

The PDC then divided its workers into crews—plumbers, painters, and so on—and hired craftsmen to oversee each of them. Some of the craftsmen were released as soon as their students could do the work; others remained throughout the project. Among the latter was David Rickles, twenty-nine, who favors straw sombreros and picture T-shirts. A classic jack-of-all-trades, Rickles was eventually placed in charge of assembling the solar heating unit. "You show somebody here how to do something, turn away and look back, and he's doing it right," he says. "Nobody has to be hounded or even watched. There's that kind of spirit."

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Pride—of workmanship, of cooperative effort—seems to be the bedrock emotion of the PDC. It is not an uncritical pride, however: group meetings flare with personal criticisms, and one day, only a few weeks from the completion of the building, the first floor rang with, "Hey, is this what you made? You're one screwed-up carpenter, man!"

As the work progressed and skilled craftsmen started coming around for jobs, the members decided that anybody earning money from the project should be required to live in the neighborhood. Soto says, "Guys were making a lot of money off us and taking it out of the community." This is an old problem in the ghettos, and the PDC decided to do something about it. "We've gotten a lot of turndowns, yeah; but we've gotten guys who're willing, too," Soto declares. The rule is not rigid: Rosas, who lives on Long Island, will move his mother and brother into a PDC building.

Pay rates at the PDC range from just below union scale to virtually zero. No matter what his pay, each member getting a PDC apartment must volunteer at least ten hours of "sweat time" each week. These hours may be spent doing conventional rehab work or guarding the building at night. (Vandalism and theft have not been problems at 1186.) Together with the gutting work, sweat time constitutes each tenant's down payment. Most tenants have put in many more than the required number of hours, as well as countless additional hours working on their own apartments.

The units at 1186 have become showcases for each owner's individual touch—from brightly colored walls to sophisticated nuances of design. Raoul Reyes, who directs a mental retardation center but wants to be an interior designer, has equipped his new studio apartment with track lighting, a canopied bar, a platform sleeping loft, and "the only sunken bathroom in the Bronx." He hopes to construct a small terrace outside his living-room window. Almost every tenant has applied the skills he learned on the project to the outfitting of his own apartment.

"Danny Soto chuckled sardonically and said, 'Man, wait till you see the politicians who show up at our dedication party trying to take credit for what we've done.' "

The PDC's master plan calls for turning its members' new skills into income-producing businesses that can be sold to the public as well as to other rehab ventures. Indeed, if the 1186 tenants are to pay the monthly maintenance charges on their cooperatively owned building, they must have steady jobs at decent wages. With this in mind, the PDC's second project will include formal training in the construction crafts. Is federal money available for such training? "If it is," says Ramon Rueda's brother, Juan, with a grin, "we'll find it."

To finance the next five buildings, the PDC has already touched the feds for an estimated $1 million Housing and Urban Development (HUD) loan. The most significant aspect of the loan is that the money will be put up by three major New York banks—an exception to the long-standing and controversial bank practice of "redlining," declining to make mortgage loans in ghetto areas. Under the complicated loan procedure, the banks' risk is minimal, but their participation alone is significant.

For the people at the PDC, housing represents only the first step in a four-step program. The other three are job training, economic development, and energy development. (The last will include a company that will do salvaging, recycling, and the design and installation of energy-saving devices.) If the goal seems vaguely socialistic—"Private property and private ownership simply can't work here anymore," Katz declares—the arguments supporting it are nonetheless sensible and impressive. So, too, is the PDC's comprehension of the immediate problems it faces.

One problem is to establish a modus vivendi with labor unions. New York's construction unions once scorned residential rehab work; now, with jobs scarce, they would welcome it. More immediately pressing are the PDC's difficulties with the federal Davis-Bacon Act, which stipulates that any employer awarded a government contract must pay the prevailing union wage and must limit his hiring to journeymen or experienced union members. While HUD has waived the Davis-Bacon requirements in connection with its $1 million loan, the PDC realizes that the overall problem will not be solved easily.

The PDC also irritates the unions by ignoring lockstep promotions and inflexible work routines. Says Juan Rueda, chief electrician at 1186: "We dispelled the myth that in order to become a skilled tradesman you need years of training. And when times are slow for one trade in our operation, we don't just sit around. We help the guys in the other jobs." If the PDC does have to accept some unionization, it will try to gain concessions on minority representation from the unions it deals with.

A second problem is to determine how far the PDC should expand beyond its own environs. It has already started to deal with tenants of buildings threatened with abandonment, organizing them into "cooperatives" to plan for the day when they are without essential services and a landlord. Most of the PDC's members, however, seem to recognize the hazards of overexpansion. Even Megan Charlop, the young woman who heads the efforts at tenant organization and who espouses "politicization through housing," wants the PDC to curtail its activities as rehabilitator and manager of buildings. "We want the tenants themselves to do the managing," she says. "The PDC may be terrific, but there's a limit to what it can do. There's no limit, though, on self-reliance."

The PDC's members are less realistic about the degree to which their housing projects can grow into self-reliant, economically healthy neighborhoods. Despite the PDC's demonstrated talents for organization, fund raising, and bearding bureaucracies, it requires a long leap of faith to foresee the group creating an enduring assortment of small businesses, workers' collectives, and alternative schools.

"When the PDC people talk," says St. Georges, who has worked with all of New York's sweat equity projects, "you always reach a point where you have to ask, 'Hold on, can you really accomplish *that*?' I don't underestimate the enormous amounts of work and money involved in all this, and I think they do. On the other hand, I applaud the PDC's vision, and I realize that so far its members have done everything they said they were going to do."

So they have, and they are cynical about that as well as proud of it. Talking about a forthcoming celebration of the PDC's success at 1186 Washington Avenue, Danny Soto chuckled sardonically and said, "Man, wait till you see the politicians who show up for that party, trying to take credit for what we've done." ◉

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"People Fire" in the Ghetto Ashes

by William G. Conway

Mark Haven

As HOUSING programs go, New York City's innovative "sweat equity" urban homesteading projects amount to little more than a drop in the bucket: the number of multi-family building restorations completed and in the pipeline runs to fewer than 30; dozens of buildings are abandoned each day. Why, then, such excitement over these self-help programs at Morgan Guaranty, Bankers Trust, and Chemical Bank, and in government agencies across the country—right up through the Department for Housing and Urban Development (HUD) to President Carter, who endorsed homesteading in his May message on the environment?

The answer, for now, seems to be that these self-help programs have extraordinary symbolic significance. Even TV has sensed their importance: ABC is considering a dramatic series tentatively titled *Urban Pioneers.* The happy fact is that sweat equity projects offer our worst-off communities a measure of hope.

Meanwhile, both public and private sectors are finding new ways to cooperate in neighborhoods where neither has had much visibility lately. If the sweat equity projects work out, they have the further potential to point housing policy in a new direction: toward jobs and job training combined with housing rehabilitation and home ownership opportunities in low-income households. Gone will be the emphasis on new high-rise monsters for the currently ill-housed. Neighborhood conservation, now confined to better-off areas and people, may reach into the nation's worst slums, where many residents do not have the choice of flight—all this if the current experiments in New York City prove successful and adaptable to other cities.

It is estimated that there are up to 500,000 abandoned homes in big cities across the land, a figure to which, as the disease spreads, almost 150,000 are now added yearly. That may not be much for a nation that builds 2,000,000 new homes per year, but the conditions bred by abandonment are extremely oppressive to the people left behind in the inner-city neighborhoods where the virulence of the problem is most concentrated: Central Ward, Newark; Hough, Cleveland; South Side, Chicago; over 10 percent of Detroit; Cabbagetown, Atlanta.

By definition, there is no market for abandoned property. It is unwanted by society's mobile elements. To others, the vacated space is useful, rent free. These others are the bums, junkies, and arsonists whose concentrated pathological presence the abandoned hulks attract. They and their refuges are what HUD assistant secretary Monsignor Geno Baroni calls "the greatest domestic issue since the Depression."

Until 1973, no city had *formally* recognized the peril posed by abandonment. Then, little Wilmington, Delaware, poxed at that time by 1,200 abandoned one- and two-story homes, passed its "Urban Homesteading Ordinance." The new law made it possible to deal with abandonment by giving away the homes acquired in tax foreclosures. The recipient of each home agreed to stay for at least three years and to renovate the house to code standards within 18 months of acquisition. Over 20 cities soon passed similar measures, and the "back to the city" movement was born.

Wilmington's mayor at the time, Thomas C. Maloney, who ran for office espousing the homesteading idea, said, "We are not trying to provide housing for people. We are trying to provide people for [abandoned] housing." The mayor

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wanted to get the property back on the tax rolls. But Wilmington's and other homesteading programs have further objectives, the most important of which are to stave off incipient abandonment, to provide *single-family* home ownership opportunities, and—the one that caught the fancy of the press—to get people back from the suburbs.

Baltimore's homesteading program is the most aggressive and sophisticated. The city provides a wide variety of technical and counseling services to homesteaders. Its loan program is flexible and generous. Bankers have been so cooperative that some local wags think many have been "born again." Since homesteading's inception in Baltimore, 450 of the city's abandoned homes have been marked for renovation.

Nationwide, only 25,000 homes have been fixed up by way of the homesteading mechanism. The trouble with the mechanism is that it is stopgap and piecemeal. It reaches into few communities and confers benefits on few households. Focused as it is on individual single-family homes, it does not deal with multifamily apartment buildings, where the bulk of the poor remain, ill-housed, nor does it systematically address the physical, social, and economic conditions that propel the white middle class from our metropolitan centers.

Make no mistake: the exodus from the big cities continues unabated. New York has lost 400,000 middle-class whites in the past five years. In the past 20 years, Baltimore, the city with the most comprehensive neighborhood-saving efforts, has lost over 300,000. Millions of other citizens, though, are left behind.

As noted earlier, it is estimated that about 150,000 inner-city homes and apartments are abandoned annually. This staggering loss in the supply of available housing is to be contrasted with the 75,000 units per year (an optimistic estimate) that are being rehabilitated. Despite the new urban commitment of banks and the valiant efforts of cities and neighborhood groups, the nation is still losing ground to urban blight, a blight that perpetuates the scarcity of decent housing for the people who, of necessity, have to live in the cities.

The signal achievement of urban homesteading and other neighborhood-conserving strategies has been to generate publicity. As a result, the attention of housing policy makers is now being directed at locally initiated responses to the pressing need to save our existing housing stock from further neglect or abandonment. In answer to those who would give up (saying that saving partially destroyed neighborhoods is hopeless), HUD assistant secretary Robert Embry—who earned high marks heading up Baltimore's housing programs—recently said that "it is not HUD's policy to write off any neighborhood." His HUD colleague, Monsignor Baroni, puts it this way: "If we destroy our neighborhoods, we destroy our cities." If we destroy our cities, what is next?

THERE is, as we have seen, no shortage of deteriorated neighborhoods. Nevertheless, in their disparate ways, resource-scarce local governments, increasingly sensitive banks, and activist neighborhood organizations are doing more this year than at any time in our history to arrest urban decay by working with what is already there. Now HUD is looking for additional answers. The Office of Policy Development and Research (OPDR) at HUD has recently created a program called the Urban Homesteading Demonstration Project, which forthrightly seizes local neighborhood-conservation initiatives and adds power and dimension that previous efforts lacked.

Starting in the experimental laboratory of the South Bronx, the most extensively abandoned piece of urban geography in the United States, the demonstration project will, for the first time anywhere in the land, extend homesteading opportunities to the truly poor and (previously) unskilled. Multifamily buildings will be renovated. Furthermore, in HUD's calculations of value, sweat will be substituted for a cash down payment; equity will accrue over time from labor and will not derive from past savings. Perhaps most important among the project's firsts is that government will be paying people (and training them) to fix up a burned-out hulk that, when the work is done, will be owned by the sweat equity laborers.

Cybil Phillips, the woman at HUD who made the commitment to "take out" the construction loan provided by the three big New York banks involved, calls the experiment a "high risk situation." But, she adds, echoing Embry, "it is important to attempt to save our neighborhoods rather than write them off." Only the federal government, it seems, is able to underwrite risks of the magnitude now presented by the South Bronx initiatives.

The five buildings that HUD is financing for the People's Development Corporation (PDC) are the core of the demonstration project's symbolic significance. But it is the community at large that is the primary beneficiary of this noble experiment. New positive role models are being developed in a massively apathetic neighborhood. When Phillips reviewed the application for funding from the PDC, she was impressed and said of the group that she "could not turn her back on the energy that came through."

To fully translate this energy into a program that will create effective demand *from* the now hopeful community *for* the five additional miracles the PDC may pull off (one building has already been rehabilitated by the group), the government must begin to consider the rehabilitation of the score of abandoned factories that are within walking distance of the project area. The South Bronx is not self-sufficient. It needs jobs and income to sustain the (still symbolic) momentum that the PDC has stimulated.

No doubt pro-PDC sentiment will grow nationwide, as it sinks in that these ghetto residents are successfully applying to abandoned New York City apartment buildings the same self-help "homesteading" principles that have proved effective in the reclaiming of one- and two-family houses elsewhere. It is one thing for a family to reclaim a small frame house by sweat work, but quite another for a fair-size group of city dwellers to take on a huge multistory building that looms up over them like the side of a mountain—or like the hulk of some great ocean liner that has run aground and been picked clean by land pirates.

New York's sweat equity teams have already brought off a small miracle—a miracle whose effect is heightened by the related emergence of neighborhood action groups, small parks, job-placement centers, and other fraternal, "people's movement" ripple effects.

All in all, the sweat equity movement is teaching a great many Americans a lesson they shouldn't need to be taught—that there is fire in the ghetto ashes, *people* fire that is in direct line with the finest pioneering traditions of American history. ◉

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Consumer Reports thinks you should know:

How good is the bologna in that sandwich?

Of the 35 brands and varieties of bologna tested by *Consumer Reports* for quality, *nine* were rated Poor or Very Poor for taste. The samples, bought in food stores, were either rancid or showed beginning signs of rancidity.

The start of rancidity can often be detected by a perfume-like scent. So the sweet smell of your bologna may be trying to tell you something.

How does the bologna sandwich compare with the others?

Hamburger	Bologna	Tuna Salad	Peanut Butter
(¼ lb. raw beef, cooked, 1 tbsp. catsup) on bun	(3½ ounces bologna, 1 tbsp. mustard) on white bread	(3½ ounces tuna, 1 tbsp. mayonnaise) on white bread	(1 ounce peanut butter) on white bread

The bologna sandwich earned our lowest vote of confidence.

Consumer Reports explored this in detail in its impartial article on bologna, "How Good is the Bologna in that Sandwich?"

Here's how bologna stacked up against the other three sandwich foods... (1) Highest in cost-per-ounce of protein (2) Highest in fats and calories. The bologna sandwich, in fact, was over *four* times as expensive as the cheapest sandwich—peanut butter—at the prices prevailing when we made our test. What's more, bologna contains a potentially harmful additive called sodium nitrite.

Consumer Reports gives you the facts behind the "baloney".

Today's supermarket is no place to be on your own.

Without help, it's hard to know about subtle product differences that can cheat your family of the nutrients they need. And maybe even cost you more in the bargain.

That's why *Consumer Reports* rates food and household products by testing standards just as rigorous as those we use for automobiles and expensive appliances. Equally rigorous standards are applied to our research into services, such as banking, insurance and much more.

Consumer Reports is the nonprofit, reader-supported magazine of Consumers

Union—the nation's leading independent organization for testing and rating consumer products and services.

We don't accept advertising from anyone.

We buy what we test at the same stores you do. And we never accept "free samples" from manufacturers.

Five facts our readers learned that you could have used:

1. Pepperidge Farm Whole Wheat Bread was rated lower in nutritional quality than Wonder Enriched White Bread.

2. Pizza Hut's 10″ Supreme pie gave us the most nutritional buy out of eight fast-food meals we tested... Arthur Treacher's Fish 'n Chips the least.

3. Bounty may be a "quicker picker upper" than lower-priced paper towels. But you may be able to handle most of your clean-up jobs with the cheapest towel you can find.

4. Meanwhile, that much-squeezed-on-TV bathroom tissue that touts its softness whittled 150 sheets off each roll. (Once again, it's the customer who gets squeezed.)

5. Two banks can advertise the same interest rate for your savings account. But one pays only $44.93 for the same period for which the other pays $75.30. It's how they *calculate* your interest that counts. (And some of the biggest banks in the country are the stingiest when it comes to paying you interest.)

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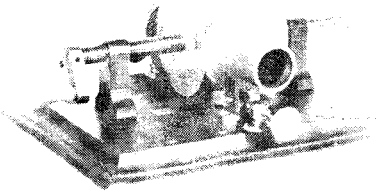
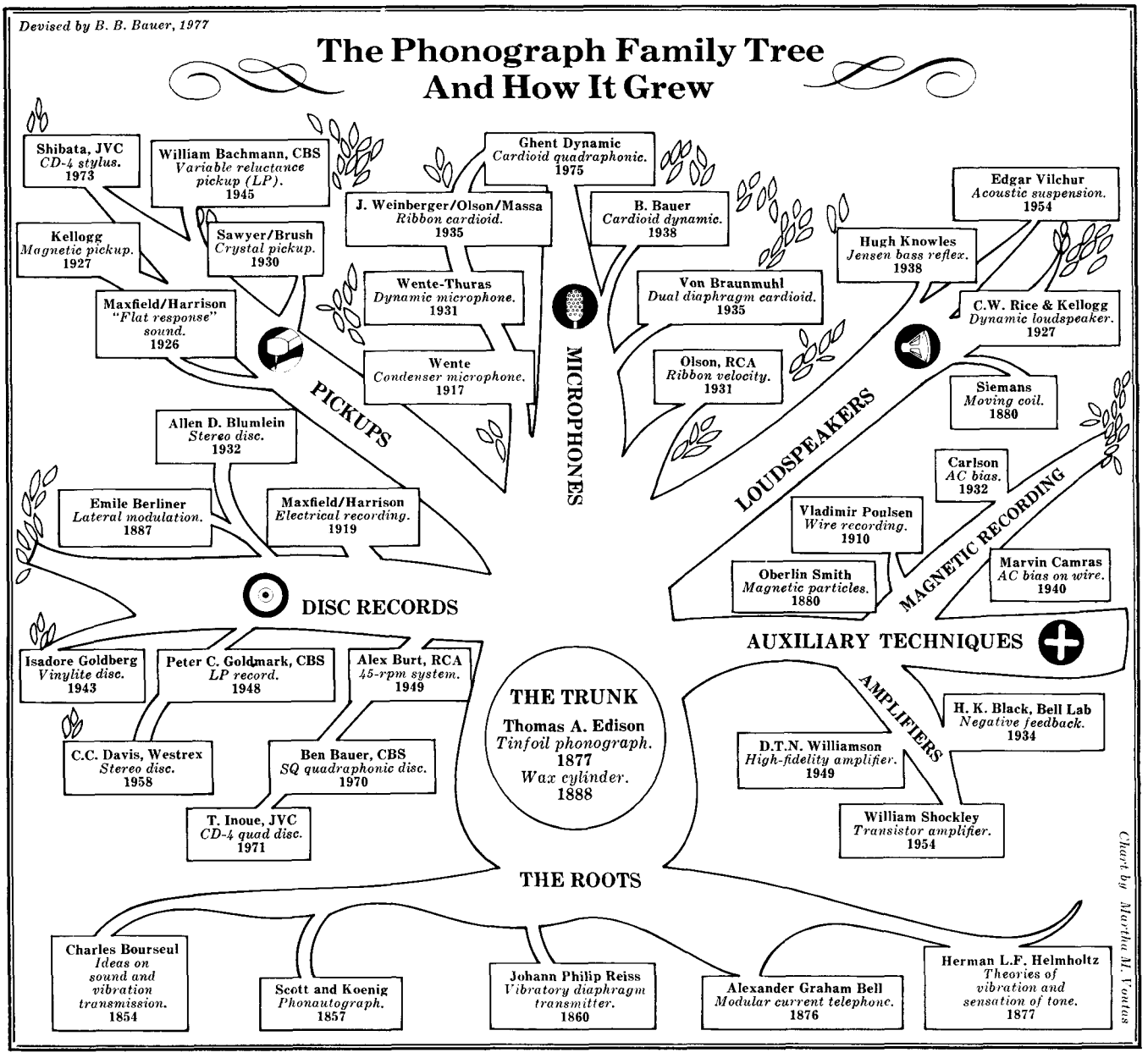


THE PHONOGRAPH CELEBRATES A BIRTHDAY

Out of a search by Thomas A. Edison for a practical way of improving the performance of the early telephone there emerged, in the summer of 1877, one of the landmark devices in human history, the phonograph—the great-great-grandfather of today's long-playing-record players, tape reproducers, and cassette recorders. In the commemorative articles that follow, Irving Kolodin describes the impact of Edison's invention; Charles Wuorinen looks at the phonograph from a composer's point of view; Stephen Demorest evaluates the effect of electronics on pop music; Ivan Berger depicts the extraordinary prospect for digital sound devices; and Roland Gelatt pays tribute to a great pioneer in the world of reproduced sound.


Devised by B. B. Bauer, 1977
The Phonograph Family Tree And How It Grew
Shibata, JVC CD-4 stylus. 1973
William Bachmann, CBS Variable reluctance pickup (LP). 1945
Ghent Dynamic Cardioid quadraphonic. 1975
Kellogg Magnetic pickup. 1927
Sawyer/Brush Crystal pickup. 1930
J. Weinberger/Olson/Massa Ribbon cardioid. 1935
B. Bauer Cardioid dynamic. 1938
Edgar Vilchur Acoustic suspension. 1954
Hugh Knowles Jensen bass reflex. 1938
Maxfield/Harrison "Flat response" sound. 1926
Wente-Thuras Dynamic microphone. 1931
Von Braunmuhl Dual diaphragm cardioid. 1935
C.W. Rice & Kellogg Dynamic loudspeaker. 1927
PICKUPS
Wente Condenser microphone. 1917
MICROPHONES
Olson, RCA Ribbon velocity. 1931
LOUDSPEAKERS
Siemans Moving coil. 1880
Allen D. Blumlein Stereo disc. 1932
Carlson AC bias. 1932
Emile Berliner Lateral modulation. 1887
Maxfield/Harrison Electrical recording. 1919
Vladimir Poulsen Wire recording. 1910
MAGNETIC RECORDING
Marvin Camras AC bias on wire. 1940
Oberlin Smith Magnetic particles. 1880
DISC RECORDS
AUXILIARY TECHNIQUES
Isadore Goldberg Vinylite disc. 1943
Peter C. Goldmark, CBS LP record. 1948
Alex Burt, RCA 45-rpm system. 1949
THE TRUNK
Thomas A. Edison
Tinfoil phonograph. 1877
Wax cylinder. 1888
AMPLIFIERS
H. K. Black, Bell Lab Negative feedback. 1934
D.T.N. Williamson High-fidelity amplifier. 1949
C.C. Davis, Westrex Stereo disc. 1958
Ben Bauer, CBS SQ quadraphonic disc. 1970
T. Inoue, JVC CD-4 quad disc. 1971
William Shockley Transistor amplifier. 1954
THE ROOTS
Charles Bourseul Ideas on sound and vibration transmission. 1854
Scott and Koenig Phonautograph. 1857
Johann Philip Reiss Vibratory diaphragm transmitter. 1860
Alexander Graham Bell Modular current telephone. 1876
Herman L.F. Helmholtz Theories of vibration and sensation of tone. 1877
Chart by Martha M. Vantas

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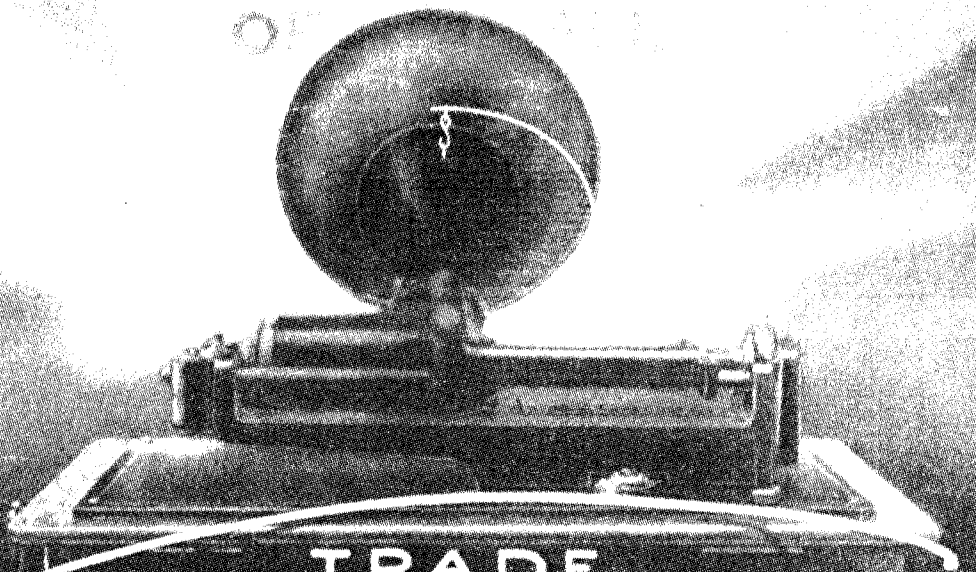
GO AND HEAR The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

EDISON GOLD MOULDED RECORDS

THE MOST BRILLIANT



TRADE Thomas A Edison MARK

Any talking machine will reproduce the notes and the noise; but the *Charm of Sound*—that beauty and expression for which we prize music—is reproduced *only* by EDISON GOLD MOULDED RECORDS, and best when they are used on the Edison Phonograph. The imitations and the old styles are parodies by comparison.

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2. The records are made with a sapphire point on a flawless surface without the roughness produced by the etching with acid of other methods, and faultlessly duplicated by Gold Moulds, which process is patented and cannot be lawfully used by others.
3. The "button point" sapphire of the Edison Reproducer is the only one that actually follows all the indentations of the record, giving a faithful reproduction. The blunt points of other machines slide over many of these indentations and lose the best of the music.

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Edison Phonographs furnish double service amusement and language study

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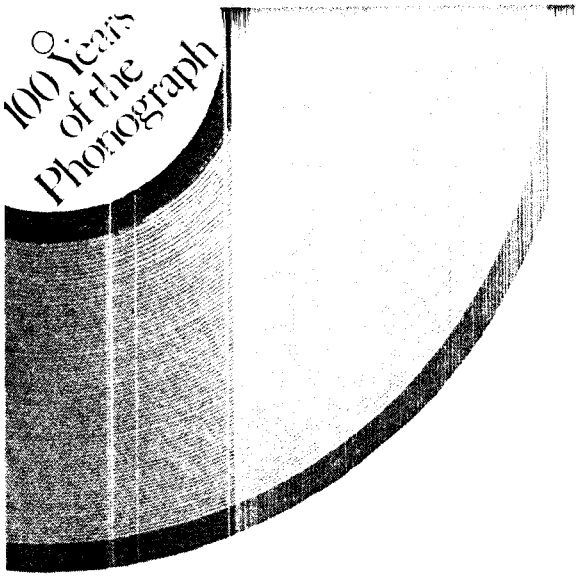


Edison's Baby: From Tinfoil to Tape

by Irving Kolodin

In a daily log he maintained of his activities and investigations, Thomas A. Edison marked the date of July 18, 1877, with the notation: "Just tried experiment with a diaphragm having an embossing point and held against paraffin paper moving rapidly. The speaking vibrations are indented nicely and there is no doubt that I shall be able to store up and reproduce automatically at any future time the human voice perfectly."

In those two terse sentences are contained the first signs of life anticipating a birth for which several dates during the year 1877 have been assigned (thus making difficult the choice of any single day among them for an official celebration in this hundredth jubilee year). Edison's notation may be read as the verbal equivalent of the proud gleam in the eye of a parent who has been informed that conception has taken place and that in due course parturition will occur.

There is, at the least, no doubt after July 18, 1877, of Edison's ability "to store up and reproduce automatically" the sound of the human voice—and, inferentially, any other sound. He had thus accomplished for the ear what Gutenberg had achieved for the eye with the printing of the first Bible from movable type more than 400 years before.

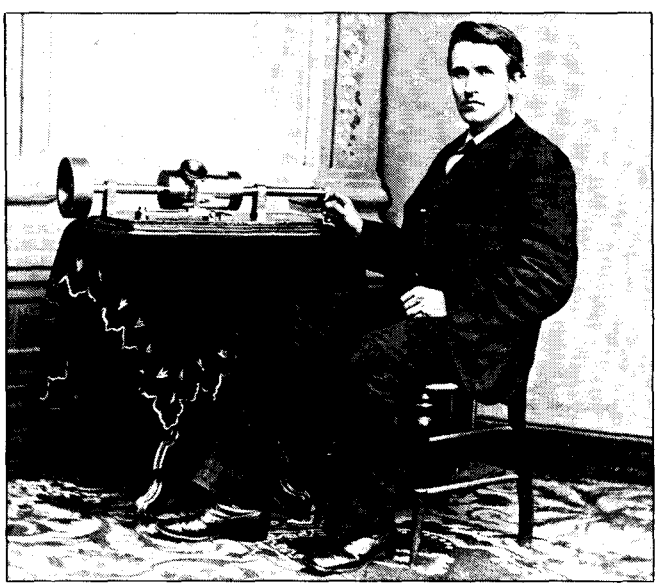
When Edison's infant was exposed to the scrutiny of the world on December 7, 1877, its physical features were, understandably, more fully formed than they had been in the skeletal fetus described five months earlier. The "paraffin paper" that moved "rapidly" had given way to a sheet of tinfoil wrapped around a cylinder on a 12-inch shaft that was turned by a hand-held crank. This was the device that caused the workman who had built it (at Edison's instructions) literally to pale when it repeated, in the treble tones of the inventor himself, "Mary had a little lamb."

The combination of awe and stupefaction with which the demonstrations of the impressively small machine were greeted caused the phonograph (Edison's own name for it) to be labeled the "greatest" of the master's inventions. For himself, he was content to cherish it as his "favorite" and to speak of it in almost familial terms. On an occasion in 1878 when a reporter queried him about the fascination the phonograph apparently held for its inventor, Edison replied: "Yes, but this is my baby and I expect it to grow up and be a big feller and support me in my old age."

Alas, the false hopes of parenthood! The "little feller" that took form was not the docile offspring that Edison wanted him to be, content with taking dictation, reproducing books for the blind, and teaching elocution. At thirty, Edison was already hard-of-hearing and lacking in most aural indications of what we call "culture": his vision of the "child's" musical future was limited to the reproduction of simple tunes and familiar melodies that the Edison family loved.

Indeed, as time passed, the phonograph became something of a stepchild as Edison's mind engaged the gigantic problem of electrifying lower Manhattan (as a practical man bent on promoting his purpose, Edison knew that nothing would impress Wall Street more than the *lighting up* of Wall Street). From time to time, he would return to the phonograph, try to bend it again to his own ways, seek to improve its fidelity to simple sounds, and otherwise strive to make it worthy of its joyous birth. In its true nature, however, the phonograph became something of an orphan, learning more from foster parents who sprang up around the globe than it did from Dad.

As an instance, Edison had first thought of a disc rather than a cylinder as a repository of sound, but had ruled against it. That essential improvement became the creative contribution, in the early 1890s, of Emile Berliner, an immigrant from Germany. Such a platter could accommodate a groove in which the point swung laterally rather than in the up-and-down movement that caused Edison's track to be called the "hill and dale" method. In time, Berliner's disc lent itself to duplication and mass production as the cylinder never did. Moreover, it could be stored more easily than Edison's cylinder, and the disc-playing machine was even pro-



From *The Fabulous Phonograph*

Thomas Edison, at thirty-one, beside his tinfoil phonograph.

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vided with a new name—the Gramophone.

Early examples of the Gramophone failed to lure musicians of international reputation to record for it because the unit lacked the driving force necessary to maintain a steady speed and a constant pitch. A practical young machinist in Camden, New Jersey, named Eldridge R. Johnson applied his mind to the problem and produced at least a partial solution in 1896.

Five years later, on March 1, 1901—as Roland Gelatt relates in his invaluable new edition of *The Fabulous Phonograph*—Johnson won a desperately needed legal victory that enabled him to proceed with a machine he had evolved around his spring-wound motor. Writes Gelatt: "He decided to use a name all his own and he chose Victor—Victor Talking Machine and Victor Records." From there it was but a step to Victrola, which became so firmly established as a generic term for *any* record player that it is still used today by some older people.

Edison's baby, in its various mutations (different substances and shapes for groove containers, alternate forms of inscribing them), did indeed grow up to be a "big feller," but it did not support him in his "old age." If any one thing could be said to have filled that function, it would have to be what Edison called his "Kinetoscope." Together with the illumination provided by his electric light bulb, the Kinetoscope became indispensable in the development of motion pictures. From 1908 to 1917, the filmmakers of America paid Edison and his subsidiaries up to a million dollars a year in royalties.

There was money in the cylinders Edison continued to market to those who bought his original apparatus; and the "Diamond Discs" that Edison introduced in 1912 achieved the highest standard of any acoustical disc. But Victor's exclusive contracts with such top performers as Caruso, Sembrich, Geraldine Farrar, and eventually Galli-Curci left only marginal names and business for Edison. Buffeted by both the Depression and radio (which he hated), Edison went out of the record and phonograph business forever in 1930.

What Edison's baby did for Dad was only a fraction of what Edison's mind did, all unintentionally, for music. When the inventor died in 1931, at eighty-four, the essential pieces for the next great revolution in sound reproduction were in place: the carbon microphone, which he had pioneered, and the detecting tube, based on the filament bulb, which Edison had invented and which Lee De Forest had converted into the heart of the wireless telephone, radio, and the electrical reproduction of music. All the rest, it would not be too much to say, would be refinement.

As his younger contemporary George Eastman had started out to popularize a cheap camera and had all but founded the art of photography, so Edison, whose purpose in 1877 had been to improve the utility of the telephone, had spawned the new art of phonography. With it came the opportunity for individuals, then for nations, to find a new self-identity. If it was Enrico Caruso, an Italian, whose curiously irresistible voice pioneered the popularity of operatic reproduction, it was Arthur Nikisch, a Hungarian, who conducted the first full recording of a symphony (Beethoven's No. 5 in C minor), in 1914. Germans did what was germane to them; the French followed one Gallic audacity with another; and the English, painstaking and quality-conscious, issued shellac discs as carefully polished as Sheffield plate—with content to match.

Victor Record of "Habanera" sung by Farrar
Farrar as the title role of Carmen
Victor
Both are Farrar
The Victor Record of Farrar's voice is just as truly Farrar as Farrar herself. The same singularly beautiful voice, with all the personal charm and individuality of the artist.
To hear the new Carmen records by Farrar is to be stirred with enthusiasm, just as were the vast audiences—the largest ever assembled in the Metropolitan Opera House—which greeted her performance of Carmen, and acclaimed it the supreme triumph of this great artist's career.
The proof is in the hearing. Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play for you any of the sixty-two Farrar records, or Victor Records by any other of the world's greatest artists.
There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from $10 to $250.
Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—the combination. There is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.
Victor
His Master's Voice
Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Collection of Carol Wald

In America, the doctrine of "science and dollars," which embodied Edison's doctrine that "for every problem the Lord has made, He has also made a solution," was rigorously converted to "art and dollars." When the economy was in order—between 1910 and 1928—record productivity flourished and Caruso's voice made money for himself and for Victor, as it had made money for himself and for the Metropolitan Opera. But Europe still led the way in the recording of instrumental music, especially of orchestras, and in anything like the achievement of broad cultural manhood for Edison's baby. (The same father, it may be mentioned, also opposed higher education for his sons, who got it at their mother's insistence.)

When the Depression settled in, record production in America all but terminated, as imports from abroad kept the wheels of commerce turning and the turntables of serious music lovers spinning. Demand rose at the end of the Thirties, slacked off during World War II because of the enforced cutbacks in production, and then swung up again as a host of backlogged wants came into the postwar market. The onset of the "33⅓ Revolution" [*SR*, June 26, 1948] achieved a massive stimulation of everything that could be accommodated in a groove, at a lower price per minute of content than had ever prevailed before.

A new equation of art and dollars became possible when so acute and responsible a monitor of musical merchandise

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as the late Goddard Lieberson came on the scene. Lieberson spent part of the revenues that had come in to Columbia from Mitch Miller's "Sing-Alongs" (a contemporary equivalent of Edison's "simple tunes the family loved") on such projects as a complete Stravinsky and a comparable coverage of Copland (both conducted by the composers). Other record companies seemed more determined to out-duplicate the competition's duplication of the "Top Fifty Hits" rather than to carve out a path of their own with innovations on the Lieberson order [see article on page 28].

Where in the American scheme are there such adornments of the industrial-artistic order as Sir Ted Lewis of London/Decca, who authorized a complete new catalog of opera recordings for his world-famous labels when the previous collection had been outmoded by stereo? Or the several successive officials of EMI (now embodied in Sir John Read) who enabled Walter Legge to rejoice the world's musical interests with the talents of Callas, Gieseking, Schwarzkopf, and Karajan? Or the entrepreneurs of Polydor (parent company of Deutsche Grammophon) and Philips, who produce, consistently, not only the best-sounding records in the world but many of the best-performed oddities, rarities, and novelties? Such an enterprising independent as Vanguard, operated by the Solomon brothers (Maynard and Seymour), manages to keep up a high standard of quality in this country from year to year, as does New World Records, sustained by the Rockefeller Foundation.

If there are any Lewises or Reads in the larger scheme of American record-making, they are, for the most part, hiding in storm cellars or trying to persuade unimpressed accountants that money ventured on a major product today—such as the money Ted Lewis gambled on Wagner's *Ring*, conducted by Georg Solti and produced by John Culshaw in 1959—may well return dividends for decades to come. Like the grocery merchants who believe that what doesn't move from the supermarket shelves in six months should be "killed," too many of the arbiters of new domestic recordings write off as "withdrawable" any issue that doesn't meet its sales quota in a comparable period of time, without regard for merit.

The counter of RCA to London's 1959 *Ring* was to acquire in the same year the block-busting talents of Elvis Presley—not quite an even exchange. A few years later, the Beatles swept a new outpouring of star-kissed kids into the record shops, giving rise to a whole new deluge of aural journalism and everything that went with it.

Perhaps it was some of the Lewis–London "Rolling Stones" money that went into the Solti–Chicago–Mahler cycle of the late 1960s and early 1970s. Likewise, Angel found the capital to follow through on recordings in Cleveland, first with George Szell and then with Lorin Maazel, as it soon will with Riccardo Muti in Philadelphia. By the time Zubin Mehta begins as music director of the New York Philharmonic in September 1978, there may not be a major American orchestra recording exclusively for an American record company.

That there is such disarray on the American scene today is more a matter of parochial than of global consequence. The ships plying the waters from Southampton, Cuxhaven, Rotterdam, Cherbourg, and New York will continue to bring in their tons of merchandise for the shelves of Sam Goody, King Karol, and other outlets around the country. That our domestic producers seem unable or disinclined to match their European counterparts either in quantity or enterprise may be attributable in part to the repressive tactics—for example, the charging of excessive fees—of the American Federation of Musicians. High fees, however, do not keep DG from recording in Boston, or London from recording in Chicago (or RCA from recording in Ravinia, on behalf of its Levine program).

Regardless of what happens in the country of its origin, Edison's baby has grown to demand attention as something more than a diversion or a distraction, a way of passing time or of timing the past. What it connotes and what it conveys have become a part of Thomas Mann's *Magic Mountain*, as well as of Aldous Huxley's *Point Counter Point*, and a factor of the force in Dorothy Baker's *Young Man with a Horn* and Gian Carlo Menotti's *The Consul*. By action as well as implication, the phonograph plays a part in musical works as diverse as Ottorino Respighi's *Pines of Rome*—in which even Arturo Toscanini stood by as the recorded sound of a nightingale issued from a far-from-golden throat—and Peter Maxwell Davies's *Missa super l'homme armé* (in which, for an artistic effect, the composer mimicked the monotony of a disc with the stylus stuck in a groove).

A record may be nearly toneless, but it is also timeless. A platter heard in Harbin, Manchuria, by Alexander Hilsberg caused the young Polish violinist to fall in love with the sound of the Philadelphia Orchestra, of which he became, eventually, concertmaster under Leopold Stokowski. When Maria Callas was asked if she had ever heard Lilli Lehmann's recording of "Sempre libera" from Verdi's *La Traviata*, she said (of a singer retired before she was born), "I know that voice intimately. I can tell you every move she makes." And it was the late Harry Carney, the greatest of baritone sax players, who said in response to a question about his knowledge of Coleman Hawkins: "I used to sit on the floor at home in Boston when I was a kid and wear out his records with Fletcher Henderson's band."

In addition to being one of the greatest inventors in history, Edison can be credited with the accomplishment of a feat with which alchemists have been struggling for centuries—how to turn base metals into gold. What began with tinfoil in 1877 has been so refined in the hundred years since that it has piled up billions for performers and producers. Now the basic material is magnetic tape, which, being inexpensive, inexhaustible, and erasable, will do until something better comes along.

From the start, however, there have been those who have had misgivings. When the phonograph was first demonstrated in England in 1883, Sir Arthur Sullivan sent a comment to Edison reading: "I am astonished and somewhat terrified at the result of this evening's experiment—astonished at the wonderful power you have developed and terrified at the thought that so much hideous and bad music may be put on record forever!"

Fortunately, there is no Gresham's law for art. Cheap art does not drive out good art—it just makes it harder for it to survive. Had Sullivan foreseen how well his would survive, the prospects might have looked brighter to him.

Free societies have their shining penalties-and-privileges. One of them is free choice. What Sullivan might have regarded as "hideous and bad" in his country might have been rated a "jazz classic" in ours. In either case, it would be on a white rather than (as it would be in the U.S.S.R.) a black market. ◉

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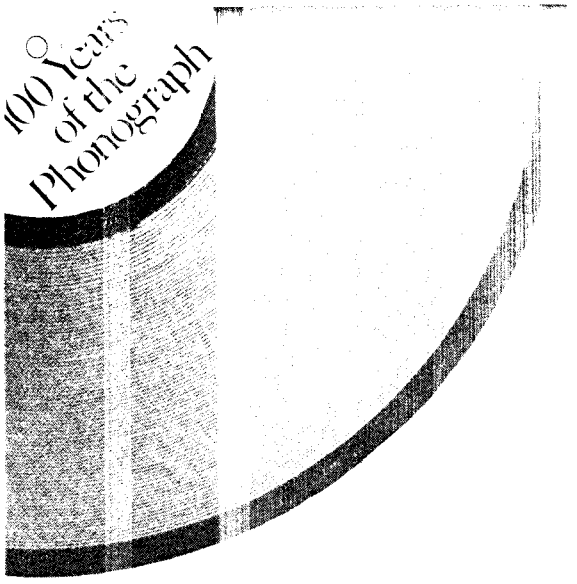


Recordings and the Composer

by Charles Wuorinen

UNTIL recordings made their appearance, the "sounding" of music was an effortful matter. In a world of nothing but live performance, the opportunities for a composer to test his work and his responses to it were not frequent. We who have always enjoyed the convenience of recordings are able to hear our pieces repeatedly, effortlessly, once they have been committed to a tape or a disc. How hard to imagine the disadvantage our predecessors suffered, forced as they were to rely only on infrequent live performances to hear what they had written and to learn thereby. How much easier it is for us!

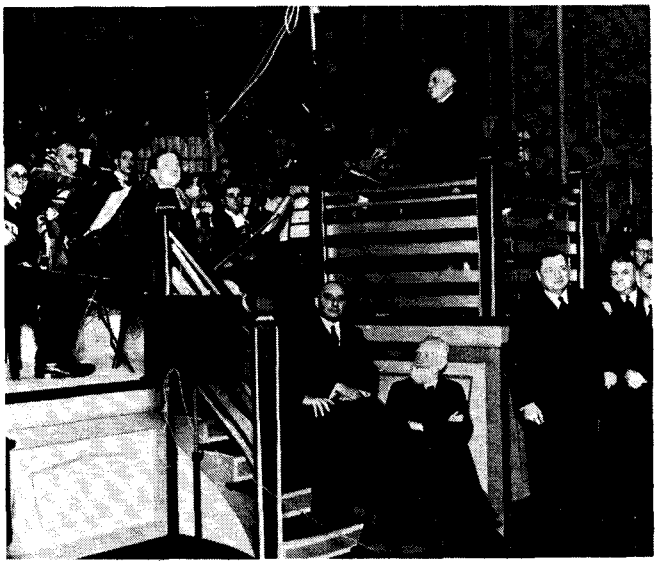
I think it is directly owing to recordings that our century has produced so many new ideas about how to deal with musical *time*. If some of these are silly or inconsequential, no matter; what counts are the few that powerfully shape the form of pieces yet to come. An environment without recordings could not have produced the striking and original ideas about musical continuity so persuasively advanced in the works of Elliott Carter or (in a different way) Milton Babbitt. These ideas take their places beside our century's older innovations—the juxtapositional continuity of Stravinsky and Varèse or the revivified traditionalism of Schönberg—that stood earlier listeners on their ears.

Performance has come to mean something different, too. I am speaking here of course from the composer's point of view. We want the notes played where we put them, in a faithful realization of the musical text, and there is no doubt that standards of accuracy have risen under the pressure of recording practice. When a performance can be called back from the ether time and again, tolerance diminishes almost to zero for the slips that seem unimportant in the heat of public performance. We may suspend criticism of a truly noble performance marred by a few wrong notes, but the right notes at the right time must be a first consideration for the vast bulk of recorded music-making.

This sharpening of standards has been of great benefit to composers. To me, the distinction between the functions of a recorded performance, destined to be heard again and again, and those of a live, once-only musical happening has focused the attention of performers on what live public performance can really mean. Now that it is no longer obliged to be the sole carrier of musical information, I think live performance has come to concern itself with a richness of interpretative values achieved only rarely in the past; at the least, it remains a counterpoise to the often dull "perfection" of commercial, edited recordings. And no matter what the advances in the art of recording, live performance always sounds better, too.

Not all is roses, however. We are immeasurably enriched by the massive preservation in audible form of most of the worthwhile music of the past, as well as of much "exotic" non-Western music. But this has also led us into a self-indulgent and—to my mind—extremely dangerous eclecticism. We are children with our fists in the musical jam jar, and we have consumed so much so indiscriminately that we are now starting to get a tummy ache. The ease with which the most disparate kinds of music—old-new, serious-pop, Eastern-Western—may be juxtaposed via recordings and the maniacal persistence with which these usually dissimilar pieces are united tempt many composers to think that a similar combining of dichotomies is artistically viable *within* their own works. The normal result is incoherent and pointless inclusiveness.

This running together of discrete and unrelated musical phenomena is then justified by a lot of romantic talk about breaking down the arbitrary barriers of convention, and so



From *The Fabulous Phonograph*

In 1931, Sir Edward Elgar opened the Gramophone Company's new Abbey Road studios in London. Seated on the steps are the company's musical adviser, Sir Landon Ronald, and Bernard Shaw.

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on. Few people stop to think that convention would not have taken root were it all that stupid. Perhaps the tradition of internal consistency within an individual art work has powerful, eternal reasons for being. To the degree that recordings have encouraged artistic irresponsibility, their influence on composers is bad. But the harm is in the misuse, not in the resource itself. Those given to artistic degeneracy would be able to foster it by other means were recordings to disappear.

ALTHOUGH the convenience of recordings has created a new musical public that doesn't go to concerts at all, we as musicians should be happy that our work is being so widely disseminated. The result, however, is that fewer and fewer people retain a sense of what the ritual act of public music-making really means. It is, truly, a kind of service or devotion in which the public has a part as surely as the performing protagonists. We can ill afford to dispense with such traditional, formal, public acts. The very people who specialize in gluing together the insanely unrelated have found a meaning in "ritual" activities but have overlooked the most fundamental musical ritual of modern times—the public concert.

As people who used to know better forget what public music-making really means, the organizers of live performances are often tempted into new formats in order to make concerts more "relevant" or "interesting." Thus we have events in the round or on the rug; this would not matter were it not that all too often these grubby new formats are replacements for the dignity of the traditional way of presenting music. The same goes for all the explanatory excesses that so frequently accompany these modes of presentation.

Finally, to complete my roster of complaints: recorded sound has come with frightening regularity to replace live sound as a standard for acoustical excellence. I am not speaking here of popular music-recording practice, for that is an understandable part of the desperate attempt to make something out of what is often nothing. I refer rather to such a ghastly phenomenon as the misdesign of concert halls. Too often it appears that their architects have judged acoustical excellence by what comes from living room loudspeakers rather than by what "sounds" in the living air. Many times this choice extends to an indifference to the way the music sounds to the performers onstage.

What of electronics as a creative resource? I have left this matter till last because I think that the broader effects of recordings and sound reproduction are more significant for composers than the appearance of the electronic medium itself (whether this will remain so is, of course, another matter). I don't believe, for instance, that the electronic medium has yet produced any ideas about musical form or structure as significant as those of Stravinsky, Carter, Babbitt, or Stefan Wolpe—and no tunes as good, either.

The earlier composers of our century were a lot more optimistic about technology and its possibilities than we are today. Varèse, for example, used to call engineers and scientists the "poets" of the modern age. He, along with others such as Babbitt, had been searching for ways of creating synthetic music long before the appearance of the tape recorder made electronic music possible. Actually, the impulse to use technology for musical purposes goes back at least to Busoni, who in the earliest years of this century was predicting the inevitable marriage of art and science.

Clearly, a romantic spirit suffused these hopes. To a man,

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in spite of the most divergent artistic positions, the composers interested in electronic means believed that they would be liberating their work, transcending the limits imposed by human performers and constrained (as Babbitt has often put it) only by those perimeters imposed by our capacity to hear and to understand.

As always, the realities are more sobering. While electronic means can of course make music as deafeningly loud as we want, perceived dynamic range is a more subtle matter than mere loudness, a function of timbre as much as of anything else. Whatever the VU meters may show, instrumental and vocal music still give the impression of a greater range of dynamic variation than does electronic music, in which a very loud level is usually achieved only by sacrificing the possibility of a very soft one.

To date, electronic means have not managed the rich variety of tone colors, and particularly the capacity for constant timbral variation, that we routinely expect from voices and instruments. And while it is certainly true that electronic means can easily execute rhythmic patterns, synchronizations, and speeds that are impossible for live performers, most of the things that are beyond the powers of human performers are relatively inconsequential for musical structure. That is, *so far*. There is no way of knowing whether these marginal capacities may not ultimately develop into a major mainstay of the compositional art. ◉

Charles Wuorinen won a Pulitzer prize in music in 1970 for his Time's Encomium.

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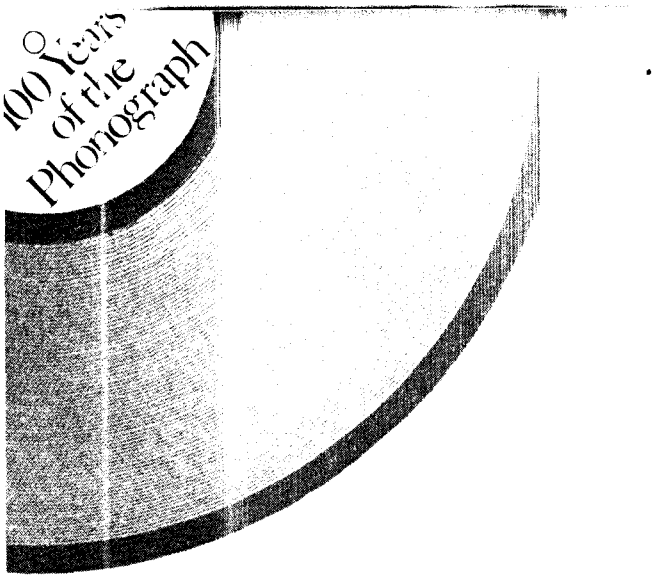


Pop Gets Juiced

by Stephen Demorest

POPULAR taste is usually excited by a generous splash of the familiar spiked with a jigger of novelty. For the past half-century, popular music's stimulant of choice has been electricity. The bracing elixir has contributed mightily to the heightened authority and color of our music. Of course, quality of sound depends on the discretion of the man at the switch—there are no ungodly electric guitars, just plenty of godforsaken guitarists—for electricity amplifies impartially.

Still, I imagine there are those who might take moral exception to the electrification of music—the Amish still travel by horse and buggy, don't they? The acoustical purists were outvoted at the cash register by the juicers long ago, though, and in a culture hell-bent on yielding to the temptations of convenience, it would be foolish to expect music to be any less synthetic than our chemical foods and Astroturfed baseball diamonds. Mechanical evolution has inexorably made entertainment a partner to our social evolution, resulting in pop music's present status as the literature of the younger generation.

The first instrument to be augmented by electricity was the human voice. Prior to the introduction of the microphone, "popular" singers were aurally inferior to "artistic" singers, and often were not even credited by name on acoustic recordings.

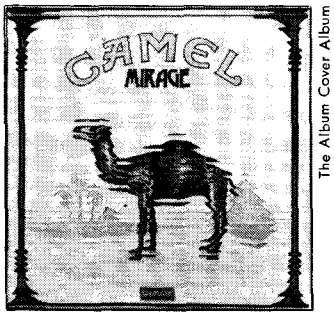
With amplification, though, crooners like Bing Crosby, whose first record was released in 1926, shaped a new vocal idiom around normally lower conversational tones. Rather than impressing the ear with volume, they aimed to touch the heart. The new resources flavored the intimate sound with nuances that captured a wider spectrum of emotions than was formerly possible. By establishing the uniqueness of their vocal personalities, singers such as Crosby and Frank Sinatra attracted loyal cult followings, a phenomenon that gave rise to the mass "pop" movements of later decades.

To some—especially the opera buff—dependency on the microphone was an admission of inferior vocal ability. But the mass public never cared a fig for etiquette, and along with conventional ensembles employing strings, woodwinds, and brass, vocalists dominated pop music until the early 1960s. Today, however, the human voice and traditional acoustic instruments are no match for an instrument with greater dynamic capabilities than any that the world has previously known—the electric guitar, with its own amplified output.

Ever since the 1930s, the trend in instruments has been toward direct-feed amplification, with internal pickups sending signals by wire to the amplifier and speakers or to the recording console. As the first instrument so customized, the electric guitar soon had a tremendous advantage over others in both volume and fidelity. As electrification expands with each passing year, the pop sound has become progressively less faithful to instrumental tones of the past.

Among those who pioneered amplified guitar was Charlie Christian, a dynamic force on some great Benny Goodman sides in the late 1930s. But the acknowledged father of the electric guitar is Les Paul, a prolific inventor who also developed multitrack recording, for which he is being honored this year by the Edison Audio Engineers Society. Originally, the electric guitar provided a convenient alternative for horn leads in bebop and big-city blues bands, finally dominating the latter form in the hands of artists such as B. B. King. In 1960, the Ventures had a number two record on the charts with the guitar instrumental "Walk—Don't Run," and in the following decade, uninhibited kids found they could coax their "axes" to gabble in dozens of unique languages. Some say England's Johnny Kidd was the first to use echo when he recorded "Shakin' All Over."

In 1965, Bob Dylan and the Byrds shocked the pop world by electrifying folk music, making folk-rock the first of many rock crossbreeds. The Who's Peter Townshend pioneered



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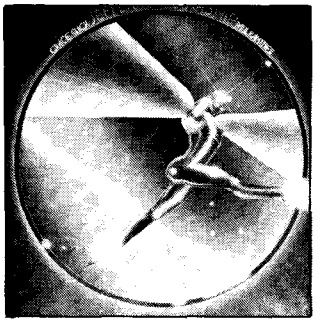

The hard sell starts on the cover—"Uninhibited kids found they could coax their 'axes' to gabble in dozens of unique languages."

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the use of creative feedback, and then Eric Clapton became pop music's first guitar virtuoso with his fluid blues runs. The later 1960s revolved around Jimi Hendrix, who fused technique and emotion into one of the most eloquent sounds ever heard. Today, Led Zeppelin's Jimmy Page continues to push out his instrument's boundaries, saying he intends to compose for an entire guitar orchestra.

Once direct-feed amplification succeeded with the guitar, the practice proliferated elsewhere, and among the happiest mutations has been the electrified keyboard. The earliest prototypes, the mammoth Wurlitzer organs in cinemas of the 1930s, were obviously disqualified by size from popular use. Jazz musicians such as Jimmy Smith were successful with the first portable models, though, and electric organ competed fairly well with the electric guitar in rhythm-and-blues and underground rock groups of the 1960s. Electric organs even achieved lead status on such early psychedelic classics as the Doors' "Light My Fire" and Procol Harum's "A Whiter Shade of Pale."

By the early 1970s, keyboardists such as Tony Banks of the progressive group Yes were using the adaptable organ to create classical-rock hybrids, and though older longhairs may weep, many young longhairs still get their first taste of the classics from rock interpretations.

Generally, it is these piano-trained rock musicians, such as Keith Emerson, who have pioneered the moog, mellotron, and ARP synthesizers in recent years, further establishing the keyboard as an integral part of today's pop band. With their computer circuitry and preprogrammed tapes, though, these stringless machines seem more closely akin to the Wizard of Oz's holographic thunder-and-smoke console than to the Steinway. With them have come electric music's first totally synthetic sound makers.

Attempts at internal amplification of most other instruments, including those commonly associated with classical music, are in their infancy and have been less rewarding. Brass and woodwinds, for instance, have proven frustrating to pick up with mikes because their sounds are localized—that is, they emit tones from various stops along the instrument as well as from the bell, so no single internal mike is satisfactory. Also, the high frequencies of the flute can be difficult for some microphones to pick up faithfully.

Drums are plagued by similar problems and, like brass and woodwinds, usually require a strategically placed forest of external microphones. However, Les Paul (him again!) has very recently invented a means of recording drums and cymbals with transducers, running an electrical signal from the vibrating surface straight to the console, and a small handful of percussionists are already using the device. So far, internal mikes have not worked well with most string instruments.

With the advent of tape recording after World War II, a further creative element was introduced—the art of the producer. In addition to correcting mistakes with splices, these engineers could use multitrack mixing to highlight or camouflage certain effects, and they soon demonstrated that the editing phase is as crucial to a recording as is the skill of the musicians. With the issue of stereo records in 1958, they began using depth and separation to create aural environments that pop performers in live concert now generally struggle in vain to recapture.

At the turn of the century, popular music was dominated

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by sentimental ballads, bravura brass bands and opera tenors, and novelty items such as whistling soloists. Considering today's soft-pop melodies, thunderous rock anthems, and novelties like "Disco Duck," pop forms seem to have changed remarkably little. Our reigning styles simply take more direct, emphatic routes to man's visceral needs in a harried age. There's even room in today's pop for analytic critics—but instead of analyzing instrumental arrangements, they now examine productions values, even measuring the quality of the current.

Indeed, beyond acting as a servant for the conduction of music, electricity has now become its helpmate and in some cases a star in its own right. The challenge fascinating contemporary experimental musicians is how to exploit the electronic medium as a canvas for sound, how to create new horizons of abstract expressionism or conceptual art in thin air.

Brian Eno, for example, has amplified the travel of earthworms (God knows why), while Dr. Roger Payne's recording of whale "songs" has sold 100,000 units—an incontrovertible pop success. Harvard recently exhibited a sleeping student, included audio interpretations of his brain waves, and called the result art. Sound sculptor Elizabeth Phillips, who has electronically translated traffic motion into audible sounds, told *The New Yorker*, "I don't play any musical instrument—none, that is, except the electronics."

Is this stuff music; or is it just fancy noise? One thing is certain: if enough customers become intrigued, we haven't heard the last of it. ◉

Stephen Demorest has written for Rolling Stone, The New York Daily News, *and* Crawdaddy.

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100 Years of the Phonograph

The Cool Conscience of a Hot Industry

by Roland Gelatt

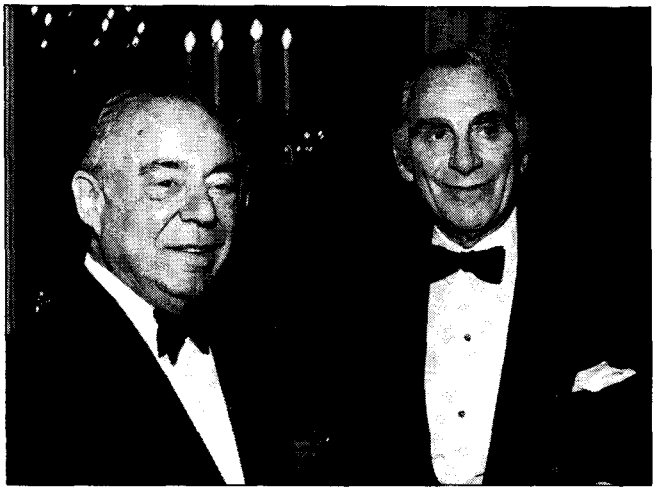
THE phonograph has always attracted creative spirits, beginning with the inventive genius who first made it work a hundred years ago in Menlo Park, New Jersey [see article on page 20]. But none played a more central role in shaping its history than Goddard Lieberson, who died untimely on May 29 of this year. If any single person can be said to have dominated the phonograph's destinies these past 30 years, it was he.

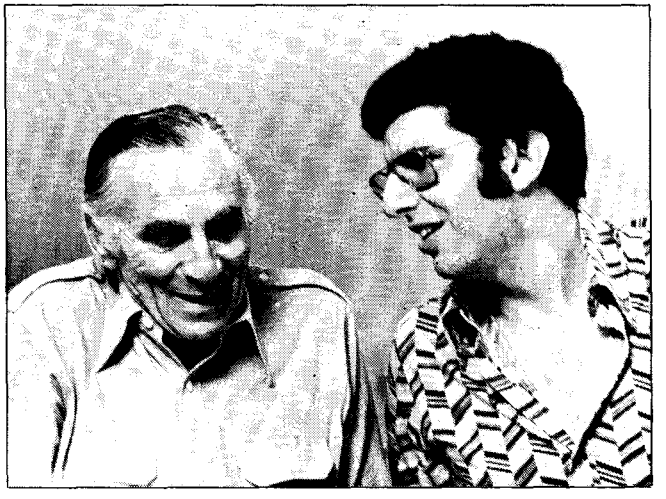
Lieberson fell into the business in 1939 as a $50-a-week assistant to the head of classical music at Columbia Records after having served brief apprenticeships as composer, teacher, and critic. It was a good time to enter the field: CBS had just bought Columbia Records and was determined to give the then dominant RCA Victor label a run for its money. With most of the world's great musicians congregated in or near New York—refugees from war-torn Europe—there was plenty of talent at hand. Lieberson cut his teeth running sessions for the likes of Sir Thomas Beecham, Fritz Reiner, Artur Rodzinski, and Bruno Walter. He was obviously good at the job, and when his boss resigned for reasons of health in 1943, Lieberson became top man of the company's classical division.

By then Columbia had embarked on a project that was to revolutionize the industry: the development of a successful long-playing record. Credit for its conception indubitably goes to the company's then president, Edward Wallerstein, but Lieberson played a significant part in its gestation by amassing a sizable backlog of master recordings in long-play versions, anticipating the day when LPs would finally be put on the market. That day was duly heralded here in an article bearing Goddard Lieberson's by-line: "A 33⅓ Revolution in Recording" [*SR*, June 26, 1948]. It rightly observed that "the beginning of a new era of music listening on records" had arrived.

Nobody grasped the commercial as well as the artistic potential of the new era better than the author of that article. Early on, it became evident that Lieberson combined an astute head for business with a high quotient of creative flair, and in recognition of these not ordinarily compatible abilities he was appointed executive vice-president of Columbia Records in 1949 and president in 1956. Until his retirement in 1975, he played the joint role of artist-businessman with rare distinction—and with no little profit to his employers.

As he ascended in the corporate hierarchy, Lieberson spent less and less time in the recording studio. But one thing he never gave up: the Broadway musical. The series of Lieberson-produced recordings of Broadway shows dates back to Kurt Weill's *Street Scene* in 1947. Two years later, Columbia took the unprecedented step of investing in a new musical *before* it opened, so as to ensure rights to the original-cast recording. Subsequent events endorsed the soundness of Lieberson's judgment: the show was *Kiss Me Kate*. Buoyed by this coup, Lieberson began to re-create on LPs many of





Lieberson with Richard Rodgers (top) and Marvin Hamlisch.

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the evergreen musicals of the Twenties and Thirties. Alas, almost without exception, they have now been cut out of the catalog. Columbia could find no better way of honoring their producer's memory than to put them back in circulation. One Lieberson re-creation that has remained continuously in print is the complete *Porgy and Bess* of 1951, which not only led to a long-running revival of the work onstage but has remained a landmark demonstration of how musical theater can be convincingly translated into recorded sound.

The seal was set on Lieberson's ability to pick a winner when he persuaded the parent CBS corporation to put up the total financing for a work in progress called *Lady Liza*. It was later retitled *My Fair Lady*. Lieberson recounted the story of its birth in these pages on the occasion of the show's twentieth anniversary ["MFL Revisited," *SR*, April 3, 1976]. What he neglected to mention was that his initiative in getting CBS to back the musical earned that company many millions of dollars. And the dividends are still pouring in.

EQUALLY lucrative was his espousal of a mail-order club to expand the market for recorded music. It is hard to remember in the context of today's multibillion-dollar record industry how small the business was in the early 1950s. It relied chiefly on a faltering network of poorly financed, poorly stocked neighborhood shops, most of which kept their precious merchandise inaccessibly shelved behind the sales counter. The Columbia Record Club, launched at Lieberson's prompting in 1955 (and subsequently copied by other record companies throughout the world), circumvented these outmoded retail bottlenecks and put recorded music within easy reach of millions of untapped customers.

Not only music. Lieberson also expanded the phonograph's horizons by issuing records for people who had (or thought they had) tin ears. *I Can Hear It Now*, narrated by Edward R. Murrow, and *The Confederacy* enjoyed the greatest commercial success of these nonmusical record productions, but the albums closest to Lieberson's heart were undoubtedly those in the Columbia Literary Series, which featured a galaxy of writers—from e. e. cummings to Edith Sitwell—in readings from their own works.

During this last quarter of the phonograph's first century, Lieberson functioned as a kind of moral monitor in an industry not invariably noted for good works. No doubt his capacity for making money enhanced his effectiveness as an upholder of standards. But there have been other highly successful record company executives who never felt the obligation to document the works of Stravinsky, Webern, and Copland on records or to publish an obviously money-losing series devoted to contemporary American chamber music.

Lieberson didn't make heavy weather of his role as conscience of the industry. Indeed, he was playing it cool long before the expression became a cliché, and he was ever ready to puncture any incipient portentousness with a shaft of deprecatory wit. Looking back after his retirement on that American chamber music series, he could remark to a friend: "It cleared the air. A lot of people had been known as composers. The project revealed that they weren't." The tone of half-mockery is quintessentially Liebersonian. Doubtless he cultivated an attitude of noncommittal suavity as a useful defense mechanism to shield the soul of an artist in a world of corporate tycoons. But however artfully concealed, the conscience was still there. It, and he, will be sorely missed. ◉

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 88

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer on page 57.

PJYIPFQYPQ FI G
HJOSQW-FY-AGV VSJIQ
CFIFO YQCQW QYLI.

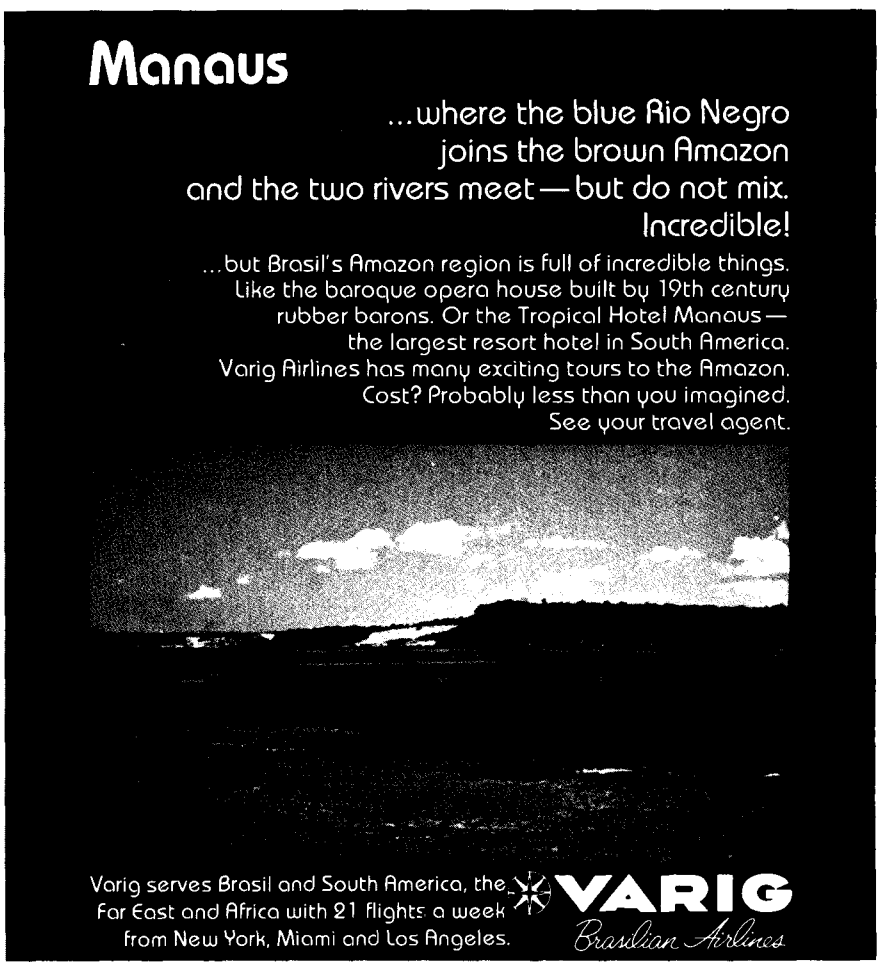
—S. A. HQYPRQY

Wit Twister No. 100
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 55.

The craft, so ___ ___ ___ ___ and
saucy, sailed the sound
And skimmed the dazzling seas that
___ ___ ___ ___ the land,
Until on shoals of ___ ___ ___ ___ it
ran aground
And shivered, earthbound, on the
hidden strand.

A. S.


Manaus
...where the blue Rio Negro
joins the brown Amazon
and the two rivers meet—but do not mix.
Incredible!
...but Brasil's Amazon region is full of incredible things.
Like the baroque opera house built by 19th century
rubber barons. Or the Tropical Hotel Manaus—
the largest resort hotel in South America.
Varig Airlines has many exciting tours to the Amazon.
Cost? Probably less than you imagined.
See your travel agent.
Varig serves Brasil and South America, the
Far East and Africa with 21 flights a week
from New York, Miami and Los Angeles.
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My city is a show that starts at midnight. From the cab of my sweeper, I see it all. Bums. Lovers. Drunks. Muggings. It's like watching a movie.

A couple of nights ago I saw some kids break into a store. You know, I felt sorry for them. No education, no job. No job, you get hungry. Is that the city's fault? There's got to be some answer.

I used to go by this alley that was so badly lit, there were two or three muggings a week. So I wrote the Mayor. It took a while. But one night there it was. My street lamp. Shining like the sun.

I'm a dreamer. Sometimes at dawn I like to imagine it's the middle of the day. I see a city with no traffic jams. No parking problems. No housing problems. No crowds. No noise. No crime. Oh well, maybe someday. It won't happen overnight.

But I believe in my city and the people who live here. Maybe that's why I don't mind sweeping up after them.

Atlantic Richfield Company believes that one of our national goals must be to make the city a place where people can work together and live together with pride. Without fear. When you have the opportunity of expressing your opinion on this issue, we hope you will. Be an involved American. Consider the facts. Take a stand. Get involved.

For more information on this issue, please write: Atlantic Richfield Company, Cities, P.O. Box 30169, Los Angeles, CA 90030

ARCO

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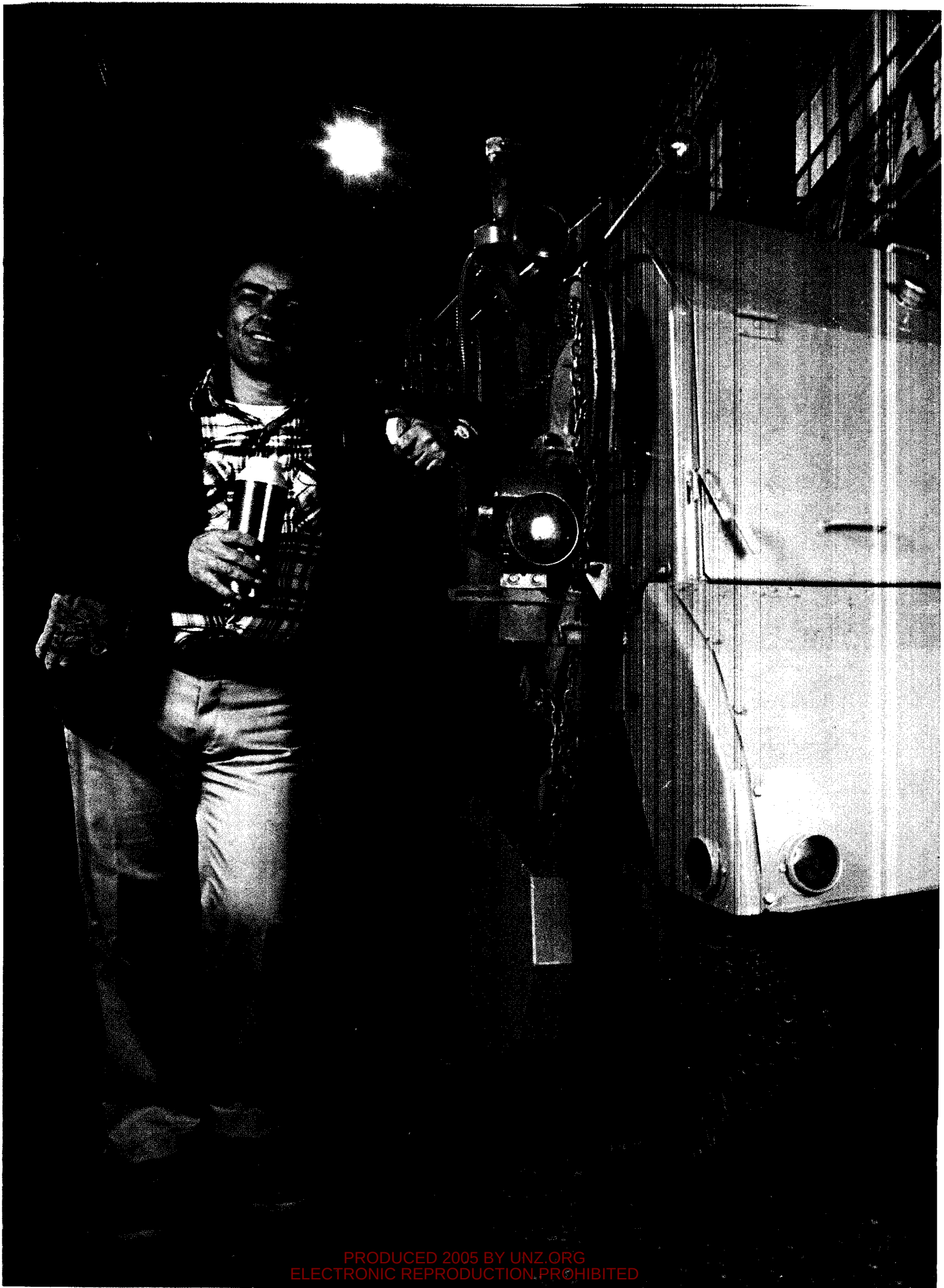

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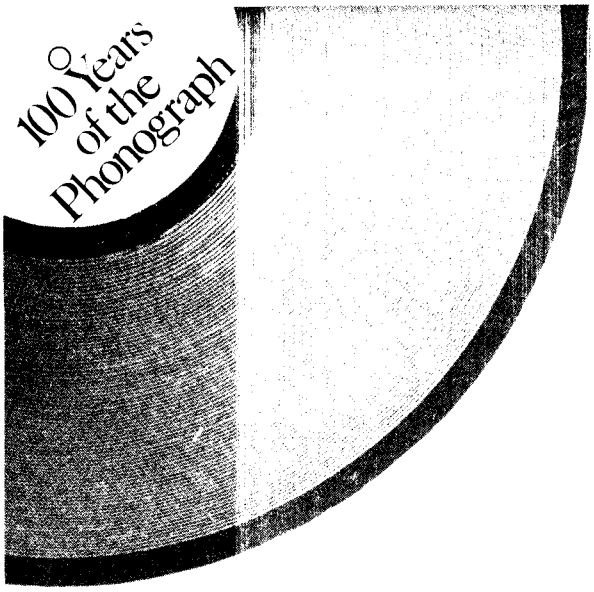

From Bits into Pieces

by Ivan Berger

WHEN Edison died in 1931 the foundations had already been laid for every subsequent major advance in sound reproduction: tape recording (1898), the long-playing record (Edison had already worked on one), and the stereo disc (patents filed in 1931).

Today, a century after the phonograph's invention, a new kind of electronics—digital technology—is starting to transform sound equipment. Amplifiers, tuners, tape decks, and even turntables are beginning to operate like small computers. Speakers, inherently nondigital (at least for now), are benefiting from computer-calculated design strategies that are turning speaker manufacture into a science.

Last year saw such digital innovations as Sherwood's Micro/CPU 100 FM tuner, ADC's Accutrac turntable, Infinity's switching (or "Class D") amplifier, and the digital delay unit by Audio Pulse. Recently, there was the unveiling of a Crown preamplifier with digital control circuits, a digital recorder from Mitsubishi, and a digital sound recording attachment for Sony's Betamax video recorder, plus second generations of the Infinity amplifier and the Accutrac turntable. All use digital techniques differently—proof of the concept's versatility.

Digital techniques are, as the name implies, numeric. This makes their use obvious for such products as calculators and watches. But it is equally obvious—after the fact—that they can be used to count recorded and unrecorded bands on a phonograph disc, as the Accutrac turntable does, so you can select those bands you wish to hear and skip those you wish to skip (the unit uses a standard form of computer to store your list of preferences).

It's equally obvious that these techniques can be used in tuners to count and display station frequencies. And since digital values shift in discrete numerical steps—one digital value is either equal to another or unequal to it, never "something like" it—no great leap of imagination is needed to *control* the tuner digitally, making it jump from one precise station frequency to the next while skipping all the in-between frequencies to which no stations are assigned.

Sherwood, however, has taken these ideas a bit further. Sherwood's Micro/CPU 100 FM tuner uses digital memory both to store a "list" of your favorite stations and to store the call letters of all the stations in the local reception area. (You can also program other messages: "NUTS," as an example, for a station you can't stand.) The built-in digital computer circuits also scan the tuner's other circuits for malfunctions, then display the source of any problems that they find.

But there's a trend to take these ideas further still, into realms that are anything but obvious: preserving sound, for example, by chopping it (temporarily) to bits—computer bits, that is.

Computers see everything in black and white: data enters and leaves them as bits with just two possible values. Each bit can be considered either "high" or "low," in the same way that a switch is on or off. The system permits no ambiguities, no shades of gray.

How can you reconcile this with high fidelity, an art whose whole aim is to reproduce nuance? Easily. If you build a computer circuit that "talks" only one-bit "words," then it has but a two-word vocabulary—"yes" and "no." But build one around a longer "word" and its vocabulary doubles for each bit, or "syllable," you add. A two-bit word length allows four shades of meaning; an 8-bit word, 256 shades; a 16-bit word, 65,536—plenty of nuance there.

Still, these are not the nuances we're used to. Sound flows seamlessly; computer signals move in chattering spasms of on/off, high/low, black/white, no matter how many subtleties they're capable of expressing. Till now, we've conveyed this flow of sound, this continuous variation of air pressure, as a continuous variation in some medium *other* than air: undulations in a record groove, magnetic fields on wire or tape, electrical voltages or currents in an amplifier—and eventually air pressure variations from the speaker. In each case, we're creating and transforming analogues of the original sound. How do we treat sound, this continuous phenomenon, as a series of discrete moments in time?

In a sense it's similar to the way this magazine treats continuous-tone photographs as patterns of tiny dots. Again, the system is digital: Is there a dot there, yes or no? Yet these discrete dots merge together in our eyes and brains to form pictures of smoothly varying tones. The more "bits" of information, the more precise the image—whether we're discussing the merits of finer half-tone screens or more elaborate analogue-to-digital converters. An 8-bit converter has 256 possible output messages, a 12-bit converter has 4,096.

Once we have encoded a sound into a pattern of bits, we can perform prodigious feats with it. Record it digitally, and you are recording all its pianissimos and fortissimos as a stream of constant-level impulses that can never overload the tape and distort during loud passages or drop beneath the level of tape hiss during quiet ones. Play the tape back at high speed, and you can transmit its contents in less than real time; play it back slowly, and you can transmit the full frequency range of a symphony orchestra along a telephone wire. Either way, the information can be decoded at the receiving end and the signal restored to real time, all without any loss of frequency or dynamics.

Recorders that can do these things are already in use in

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some Japanese recording studios. But they are expensive because digital recording requires greater bandwidth, or frequency response, than ordinary, analogue recording does. Since video recorders have sufficient bandwidth, Sony has shown a prototype of a digital-recording adapter for its Betamax and similar videotape units. (This adapter will cost around $1,300, or about as much as the Betamax itself.) Mitsubishi has a more conventional-looking unit that uses standard-width quarter-inch tape moving at a studio-standard speed of 15 inches per second (double that of most home recorders, 8 times that of a cassette). Mitsubishi manages with such a "slow" tape speed by dividing its frequency requirements among eight tracks.

The Mitsubishi unit takes advantage of another digital technique. The signals incorporate error-checking bits, which allow the unit to recognize and correct errors during playback. That strikes another blow against distortion.

DIGITAL electronics can also be used to delay an audio signal, for reverberation or simulated quadraphonic effects. The signal is converted into digital form, then moved through a computer memory before reconversion into analogue form. There are analogue delay units, too—but digital delays can be made longer without audible distortion.

That opens still more possibilities. Split a signal in two and feed half of it through a delay line. Now a signal-processing circuit can preview the undelayed signal before processing the delayed one—to sense in advance exactly what processing actions will be needed. For example, a compressor, which reduces the amplitude of loud signals and increases the amplitude of soft ones, will now "know" whether the soft signal it's currently processing will be followed by another soft one or by a sudden loud sound, and it will control itself accordingly.

More complex manipulations can be done digitally, too. A digital signal can be "filtered" by a computer program—analogue filtering is done by special circuits. Analogue filters are simpler to build than computer programs are to write—but the digital filter program can be changed instantaneously. At the Technics laboratories in Japan last year, I saw an application of this technology. The frequency response of a sound system was displayed on a computer screen. It was "flat," but you could change it to almost any response curve you wanted simply by picking up a "light pen" and drawing the desired new curve on the screen. In a moment, the computer would adjust the sound to match the onscreen curve.

But digital technology has a place in even the simplest parts of an audio system—the amplifier, for example. Analogue amplifiers use transistors like electrically operated volume controls. When the signal voltage at the transistor's input rises, the transistor offers less resistance to the flow of output power; when the signal voltage drops, the transistor resists the flow of power more, and less power gets through to the speakers. But as current flows through a resistance, that resistance heats up, wasting as much as 60 percent of the power that an analogue amplifier draws from the wall socket. Transistors tend to distort more under these conditions, too.

But the "Class D," or "switching," amplifier design introduced to hi-fi by Infinity uses its transistors not as volume controls but as switches. Either the transistor is cut off, passing no current whatever, or it's wide open, presenting almost no resistance to the current flow. Either way, it runs cool. The transistors switch on and off half a million times per second; but the length of time they're on varies with the input signal. As the signal voltage rises, calling for more output power, the amplifier stays switched on a little longer, letting more power through. When the signal voltage drops, the switch pulses narrow, letting through less power. The ear could never detect the spaces of silence between pulses, but there's a signal-smoothing circuit at the output nonetheless, mostly to protect your speaker system's tweeters from the high-frequency switching signal. (Shielding is also necessary to keep that signal from interfering with your neighbors' radio reception.)

Used as switches, transistors don't distort. And they waste so little power as heat (Infinity claims 94 percent efficiency) that digital amplifiers can be very compact: Infinity's 250-watt-per-channel model is about the size of conventional amplifiers with one-tenth its power.

The only obstacle to wider use of digital equipment in home hi-fi systems is its cost. The Infinity amplifier, for example, costs $2,000, while analogue amplifiers of equivalent power are available for about one-fourth that price. Still, the cost is coming down. Infinity's next switching amplifier will be about $1,200.

Something new since Edison? Not really. For digital technology was already stirring in his later days. In fact, you may well have an example of Edison-era digital technology in your house even today—your dial telephone. ◉

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MONARCH RECORD
Victor Dog on Every Record
If you don't get the dog, you can't get the best results.
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The original makers of the Gram-O-phone
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Saturday Review's 23rd Annual Advertising Awards

The vitality of a nation's intellectual life depends on the participation of all its members. For years, because they did not participate in that life by speaking out publicly about their larger concerns, profit seekers were widely assumed to have no interests in the world beyond greedy self-interest. Whereas the working press depicted themselves as public servants, profit makers somehow acquired the image of being callous and insensitive. Our national dialogue was poorer for the lack of corporate participation.

One of the great advantages of our free press is that its pages are open not just to editorial contributors but also to advertising contributors. By using the media as a forum for their opinions and proposals, some imaginative corporate and institutional advertisers have shown convincingly that the press does not have exclusive rights to opinions or "public servant" badges. Whether or not one agrees with the sentiments expressed in the public-spirited ads cited in this year's Advertising Awards, the ads do provoke thought, and thought leads to more reasoned, circumspect action.

What we at *SR* are celebrating with the 1977 Awards is not just six creative approaches to advertising but a spirit of involvement, the sense that all of us—corporations, institutions, public servants, and the free press—are in this together. committed not only to solutions but to each other.

—CARLL TUCKER

Company:
Exxon
Agency:
McCaffrey and McCall

EXXON HEADS TO SEA–TO OPEN A NEW FRONTIER OF ENERGY.
The energy under America's deep waters can help reduce our dependence on foreign oil. Here's what Exxon is doing to get that energy to you.
The huge structure being towed past the skyline of San Francisco is one half of the world's tallest offshore drilling and production platform.
When the entire platform is completed, it will stand nearly as tall as the Empire State Building. In fact, it would fit over the tallest skyscraper in our photograph.
Exxon designed this platform to produce energy where no one has produced it before—from under 850 feet of water on America's outer continental shelf. Beneath this shelf are reserves of oil and natural gas that are needed to help reduce the amount of energy we have to import.
If you're interested in a few specifics, the platform alone cost Exxon over $70 million to build (total cost for the entire project will exceed $500 million). It stands about five miles off the California coast and nearly doubles the world's water depth record for this type of structure. When full production is reached, it will handle some 60,000 barrels of crude oil a day—that's enough energy to fuel 438,000 cars, plus heat 165,000 average-size homes, and provide electricity for 370,000 average-size households a day.
These facts may help you appreciate why finding new supplies of energy today is a challenging, costly and risky venture.
If America is going to take advantage of all its energy resources, it needs companies with experience, research capabilities, technical know-how, and the financial strength to make tremendous investments and take tremendous risks.
Companies like Exxon.
EXXON
Energy for a strong America

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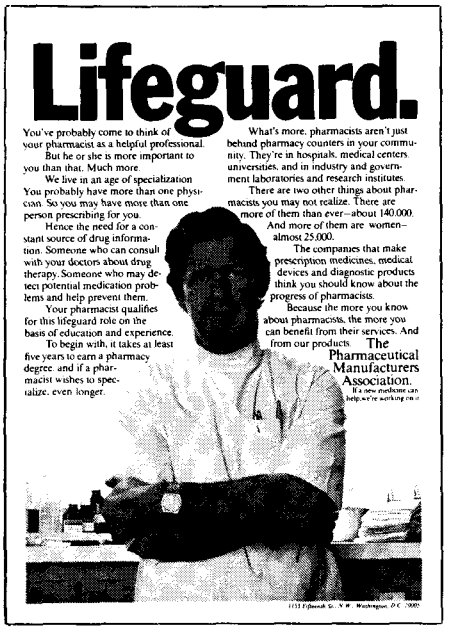
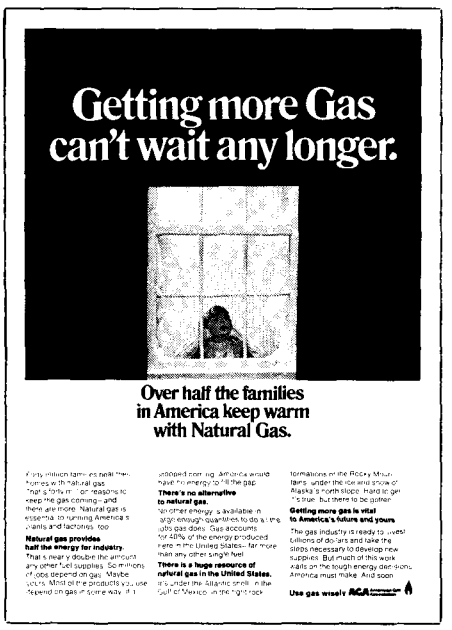
Company:
Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association
Agency:
VanSant, Dugdale & Company


Lifeguard.
You've probably come to think of your pharmacist as a helpful professional.
But he or she is more important to you than that. Much more.
We live in an age of specialization. You probably have more than one physician. So you may have more than one person prescribing for you.
Hence the need for a constant source of drug information. Someone who can consult with your doctors about drug therapy. Someone who may detect potential medication problems and help prevent them.
Your pharmacist qualifies for this lifeguard role on the basis of education and experience.
To begin with, it takes at least five years to earn a pharmacy degree and if a pharmacist wishes to specialize, even longer.
What's more, pharmacists aren't just behind pharmacy counters in your community. They're in hospitals, medical centers, universities, and in industry and government laboratories and research institutes.
There are two other things about pharmacists you may not realize. There are more of them than ever—about 140,000.
And more of them are women—almost 25,000.
The companies that make prescription medicines, medical devices and diagnostic products think you should know about the progress of pharmacists.
Because the more you know about pharmacists, the more you can benefit from their services. And from our products.
The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association.

Company:
Mayor Beame's Big Apple Campaign
Agency:
Ogilvy & Mather

Company:
Bethlehem Steel
Agency:
Van Brunt & Company

Company:
American Gas Association
Agency:
J. Walter Thompson



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HIGHER PRICES
GAS SHORTAGES
DEPENDENCY ON FOREIGN OIL
UNEMPLOYMENT
Don't let the people who want to break up the oil companies take you down the wrong road.
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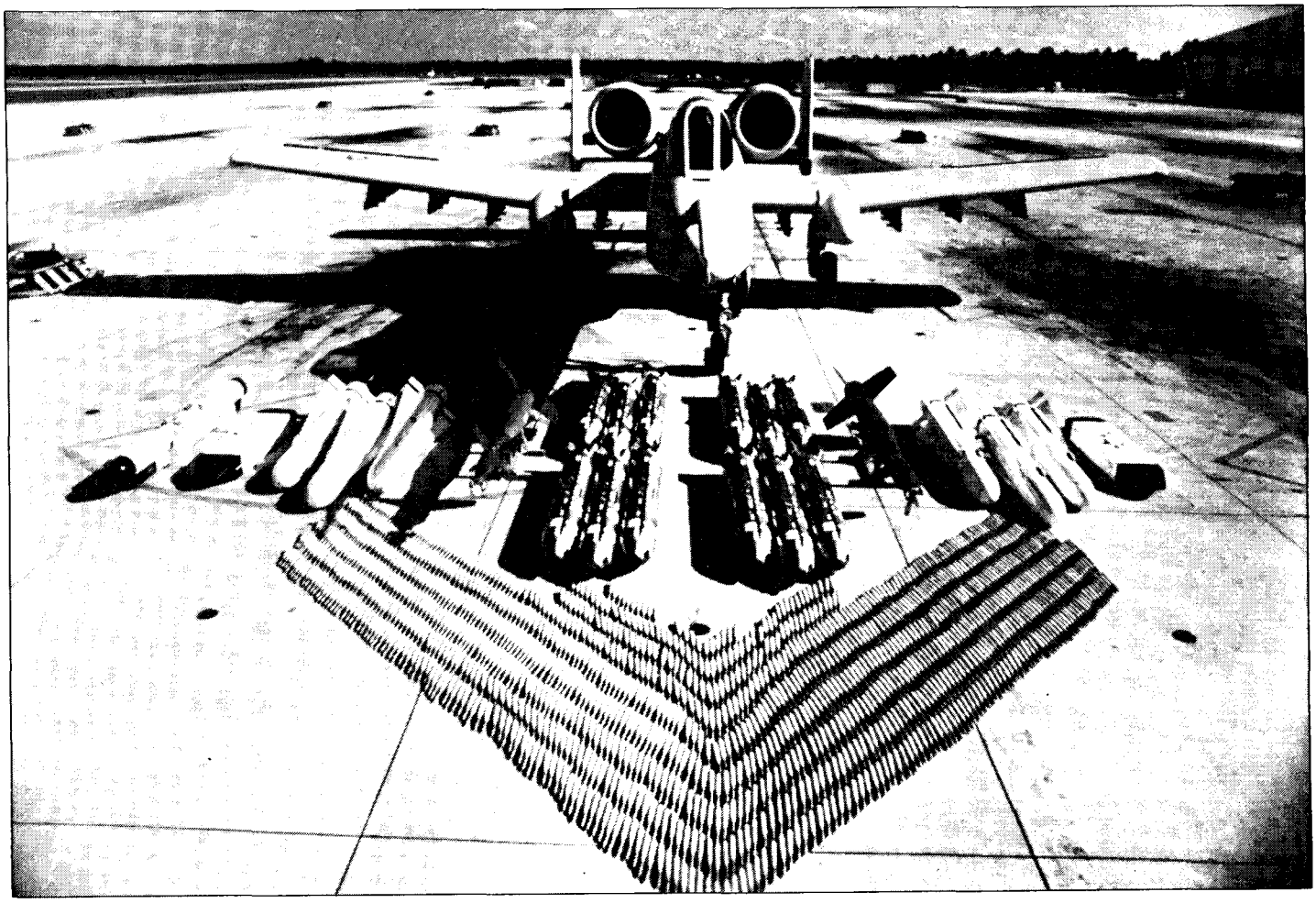
Merchants of Death

The Arms Bazaar
by Anthony Sampson
Viking, 352 pp., $12.95

Reviewed by Stanley Karnow

NOBEL, Krupp, Vickers, and the other legendary munitions-makers of the past were pikers compared to present-day arms manufacturers and entrepreneurs. Total international sales of weapons last year ran to some $20 billion, a fivefold increase in a decade. The United States, which leads the world trade, is expected to export about $10 billion worth of military hardware this year, more than ten times the amount it sold abroad in 1970, and future contracts have been signed for another $32 billion. Other suppliers, among them the Soviet Union, France, Britain, and even Israel, are also peddling everything from missiles to hand grenades, to each other and to countries that have yet to discover indoor plumbing. The Persian Gulf states, fat with petroleum profits, are buying sophisticated aircraft, tanks, and ships, partly to frighten their neighbors and largely to enhance their sense of self-importance; and Asian, African, and Latin-American regimes are doing the same on a smaller scale. Eager to keep pace, one tiny Middle East emirate recently purchased a fleet of French jet fighter planes but had to hire foreign mercenaries to fly them because it doesn't have any pilots of its own.

The madness in it all is that the meager resources of many developing lands are being diverted from crucial priorities to the quest for weapons. The most blatant case is that of Iran, which has one of the highest infant mortality rates on earth and where only a third of the population is literate: the country is currently spending more than $10 billion per year, roughly 30 percent of its gross national product, on its armed forces. Weapons purchases are a drain as well on the limited hard currency reserves of the impoverished countries, and they are inflationary because they contribute nothing to production. Regional arms races may not trigger wars, but when wars do occur, as has been particularly evident in the conflicts between the Israelis and Arabs since 1948, the inevitable escalation of military technology makes each new clash bloodier than the last. Moreover, the rivalry among arms dealers for the markets has bred the worst kind of cupidity and corruption in



Earmarked for client regimes—"Nixon wanted U.S influence to predominate, but through surrogates."

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apparently respectable U.S. firms, as the Lockheed, Northrop, and other scandals have dramatized. These scandals have had profound political repercussions overseas, and if details continue to come out, they may cause a good deal more embarrassment at home.

I would certainly pin a large measure of responsibility for this deplorable situation on Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger. Their avowed policy of reducing America's foreign commitments was really a deception: they wanted U.S. influence to predominate, but through surrogates. Thus they lowered the barriers on furnishing client countries with military equipment, often on easy credit terms. It is no coincidence, therefore, that during the Nixon administration the American arms business soared from less than $1 billion to more than $10 billion annually.

The scope of the arms trade is so broad that it would probably take several volumes to do justice to the subject. But for a tightly packed yet comprehensive book, Anthony Sampson's is every bit as brilliant as his previous works, which include *The Sovereign State of ITT*, a devastating treatment of that multinational corporation, and *The Seven Sisters: The Great Oil Companies & the World They Made*, a penetrating analysis of the big oil companies.

Let me say first that, in contrast to too many other journalists, Sampson should be complimented for good, lucid, and properly colorful writing. It is a pleasure to read, for example, that the former head of the Pentagon's arms sales section, Henry Kuss, had "the sort of open face that might appear on television to sell biscuits." The major moguls of the U.S. aircraft industry, such as A. Carl Kotchian of Lockheed ["The Payoff: Lockheed's 70-Day Mission to Tokyo," *SR*, July 9, 1977] and Thomas Jones of Northrop, are similarly brought to life, and Sampson's description of the extraordinary Saudi Arabian middleman Adnan Khashoggi, whom I have met, is a gem:

> Cool and immaculate, he talked quickly and incisively, changing from explosive Arabic to smooth American English. His genial style and wide laugh concealed the watchfulness in his dark eyes. His hands moved constantly, squeezing, punching, spreading over his heart, slicing the air, weaving his own world around him in eloquent mime. He epitomized the vigor of a young Arab generation determined to leave its mark on the West.

As he has demonstrated in earlier books, Sampson is familiar with corporate society. And here he makes it plain that the gigantic firms engaged in producing weapons are managed by fallible human beings—men who are driven by greed or ambition or a hunger for power, or a combination of these impulses, but who are nevertheless capable of committing unbelievably stupid errors, such as keeping records of their dishonest dealings or naïvely allowing themselves to be bilked by unscrupulous intermediaries. This, like so many other accounts of U.S. business, raises questions about the wisdom, not to mention the morality, of the American executive.

THE Lockheed story, which rightly dominates the book, could have been a volume in itself. It gathers momentum in the 1950s, when the push to strengthen Western Europe's defenses began. American aircraft manufacturers were vying with each other to supply the member nations of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and especially West Germany, which did not make planes itself. Robert Gross, then the Lockheed chairman, developed a covert network of agents who operated in the convenient secrecy of the Swiss banking system. Their job was, quite simply, to bribe. Among those drawn into their skein was Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, whose public reputation was that of a distinguished do-gooder, but who, according to Sampson, pursued a clandestine life of extramarital activities that required money. Bernhard, who had continental connections, initially took a million dollars from Lockheed and later demanded more, so that his relationship with the firm, in Sampson's words, "changed from bribery to extortion."

Working through various other channels, Lockheed distributed payoffs to senior Italian politicians in order to sell aircraft in Italy; and using devices that are still not entirely clear, the company succeeded in persuading the West Germans to buy the Starfighter, the fanciest of its jets. The plane was extremely difficult to handle: 91 of them crashed in Germany over a period of seven years, touching off a controversy that contributed to the fall of Chancellor Ludwig Erhard. The greatest impact of Lockheed's corrupt practices, however, came in Japan, where it not only caused the arrest of former prime minister Tanaka but has since begun to stir among young Japanese the feeling that the close links between government and business have become unsavory. Sampson's estimate that Lockheed paid out, altogether, $22 million in bribes now appears to be low. In a report to the Securities and Exchange Commission issued on May 26 of this year, Lockheed put the figure at $38 million, and that may be modest. One Lockheed official has testified that Khashoggi alone had received $106 million in "commissions" from the company.

When the committee headed by Senator Frank Church was probing the Lockheed affair, Kissinger tried to block the investigation, protesting that the documents it was bringing to light were "uncorroborated, sensational, and potentially damaging" to America's foreign relations. A question worth asking is whether Kissinger was, in this endeavor, striving to protect Nixon. Khashoggi had gotten to know Nixon as early as 1967, and it has been alleged that he contributed $1 million to the former President's campaign for reelection in 1972. There is some suspicion, too, that Nixon or his aides received kickbacks from Tanaka. The Ervin committee's inquiry into the Watergate affair has disclosed that Thomas Jones, the Northrop boss, personally gave $75,000 in $100 bills to Herbert Kalmbach, the fund raiser for Nixon's 1972 campaign. The money was not destined for the campaign, but for the secret fund to defend the Watergate conspirators.

All this and more makes fascinating reading. But as I have said, Sampson might have covered additional ground had he undertaken several volumes rather than a single book. Still to be discussed, for example, is the effect of the arms trade on the developing nations. Anyone interested in the issue ought to look at "World Military and Social Expenditures," a brochure recently assembled by Ruth Leger Sivard. Sampson might also have described, even within the framework of *The Arms Bazaar*, the actual process through which weapons are peddled to, say, a Middle East sheikhdom. It is a process that usually starts with contacts between the local leader and the U.S. military attaché and ends not only with a deal for tanks or aircraft but also with the construction of runways, radar installations, communications networks, control towers, barracks, and commissaries, and with new hardware—like surface-to-air missiles—to make the facilities secure. The sheikh, of course, raises the price of his oil to pay for these toys.

President Carter is to be commended for his recent decision to curb America's

---

A syndicated columnist and a contributing editor of Newsweek International, *Stanley Karnow is the author of* Mao and China: From Revolution to Revolution.

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arms sales abroad. Henceforth, he has said, the administration will view these sales "as an exceptional foreign policy implement, to be used only in instances where it can clearly be demonstrated that the transfer contributes to our national security interests." This means, in short, that the weapons business will be conducted selectively. Even so, the directive does not alter the billions of dollars' worth of equipment in the "pipeline," and that in turn suggests that a good deal of materiel will continue to flow out to a world that is already overarmed. But Carter has at least made a start by laying down a healthy principle. And Anthony Sampson, by underlining the ghastly practices of the weapons business in *The Arms Bazaar*, may help to modify them. ◉

Zone of Darkness

Chase the Wind
by E. V. Thompson
Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, 416 pp., $9.95

The Widower's Son
by Alan Sillitoe
Harper & Row, 288 pp., $8.95

Saville
by David Storey
Harper & Row, 512 pp., $10

Reviewed by Michael Wood

A MINER in England represents the working class at its most heroic, endangered, and unchanging. The risks of the job are obvious, and there is a subtle threat, both magical and real, in the very notion of a descent into the earth for a day's wages. The opening sentence of Alan Sillitoe's new novel, *The Widower's Son*, sounds the note of risk—"After his best friend had been killed by his side at the pitface Charlie Scorton decided to join the army"—and the first chapter of E. V. Thompson's *Chase the Wind* conjures up both the risk and the threat. "Ninety fathoms below grass," it begins, "in the darkness at the bottom of the main vertical shaft. . ."—and by the end of the chapter a man is dead, having fallen off the ladder that leads back to the surface. David Storey's *Saville*, by a long stretch the best of these three books, is haunted by the collieries that dot the Yorkshire landscape where it is set, shabby mementos of the necessity and the futility of flight. Taken together, the three novels suggest an ancient English condition, a gloomy social and moral confinement for which the mine, grim enough in its own right, becomes a powerful metaphor. Storey and Sillitoe, the authors, respectively, of *This Sporting Life* and *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, seem especially to be revisiting old prisons, wondering how they could ever have thought they would escape.

The confinement is not too serious in *Chase the Wind*, a romantic novel of the old school, in which mining accidents, a public execution, a riot, a rape, and a suicide are all smoothed out into an amiable, happy end. The story is set in and around the Cornish copper mines in the middle of the nineteenth century, and it concerns the fortunes of Joshua Retellick, a miner's son who becomes an engineer and a champion of miners' safety. He is involved in a major political disturbance (needless to say, he is trying to prevent violence) and gets deported for life. Influence in high places eases his lot, though, and returns to him his old true love, Miriam Trago, daughter of the local bad guy. She is a girl "as wild and untamed as the moor itself," with hair "as wild and unruly as a blackberry thicket"—a sort of female Heathcliff. Joshua's spoiled and sickly wife, no doubt knowing what sort of novel she is in, has been considerate enough to throw herself off a cliff some time before, so there are no obstacles, and Joshua and Miriam set sail for Australia and a new life. *Chase the Wind* is a pleasant and competently organized piece of nonsense, and in spite of its unreality, it does, in the eagerness with which it loads the moral dice and seeks to reassure the reader, pay an oblique tribute to the stubborn, unsimplified English situation that Sillitoe and Storey try to take on more directly.

The Widower's Son is a messy but intelligent novel, clumsily written but oddly convincing in patches. Sillitoe's idea of a suitable language for distress and strong feeling is to say, "The inside horizons had crumbled when his mother died," or "It seemed as if the invisible middle of herself had gone smash," or "His love became a steely unmitigated torment." Nevertheless, this story of a man who left a Nottinghamshire mine to go into the professional army, and of the motherless son he sent into the army after him, is very persuasive about the psychological aspects of the confinement I mentioned earlier. "We're all locked up one way or another," the man's son, William, thinks, and for both men the army is merely a privileged version of the mine, a way of losing your life while you think you are living it. It represents both

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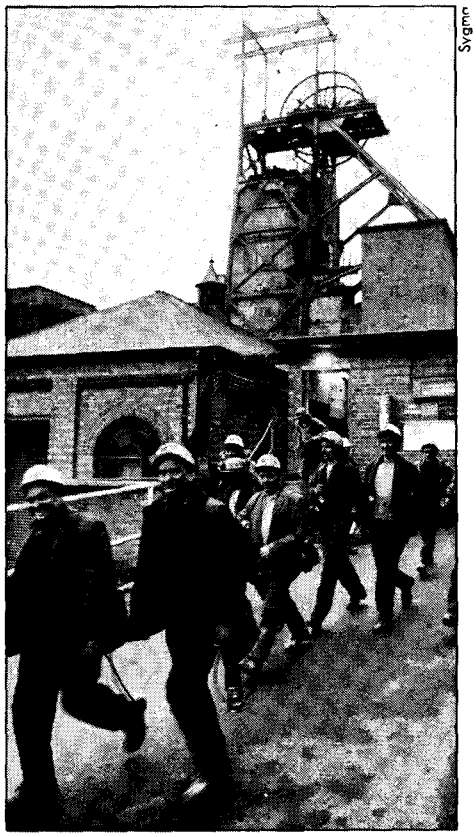


Miners in England—"The working class at its most heroic, endangered, and unchanging."

what the father is doing to the son ("It's a happy man," the father says in a gruesome mixture of truth, half-truth, and downright lie, "who brings his son up in the image of what he wanted to be but couldn't") and what the son has allowed to happen to himself, the wreckage of his capacity for emotion by a severe discipline he didn't know how to resent.

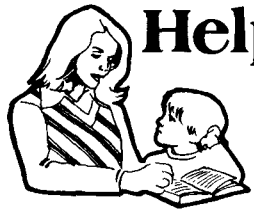
"The constriction of the spirit," Sillitoe writes, "the elimination of the heart." William cannot forgive his father for these dreary bequests, but he can't really blame him, either, and he wanders stiffly into middle age half hoping that there may be another time around. He sees action at Dunkirk and elsewhere, gets married, leaves the army, has a breakdown, tries to kill himself, gets divorced. Then he trains as a teacher, gets married again, and has children. "We have to forgive our parents," he thinks, "if we want our children to forgive us." This is dull enough, and I'm not sure I believe much in William's second chance. But throughout the book the sense of parents as the real agents of a domineering social system, of feelings buried in a mine, of the moral shrinkage that is too often the price of passage out of the working class, is very strong and worth our attention.

The blurb tells us that *Saville* has been compared to *Sons and Lovers* and *How Green Was My Valley*. It's not as powerful as the first and not as sentimental as the second, but there are resemblances. Colin Saville is a miner's son who wins a scholarship to the local grammar school, and the book follows him through childhood and youth into early manhood. It is patient and sober and precise—the wordy cruelty of Colin's teachers, for example, is meticulously described, as if Storey were thoroughly enjoying resurrected grudges from his own school days—and it takes us very slowly, year in, year out, up to Colin's departure for London and some form of freedom. Even more clearly than Sillitoe, Storey understands how class sentiments are funneled through family manners—the social contrasts that matter most to Colin in the end are not those between the riches and comfort of elsewhere and the poverty of his own cramped home but those between the indifference or relaxed concern of other parents for their children and the obsessive interest his own parents take in him. He is for them partly a reincarnation of an earlier child who died young and mainly a vision of the life they have not lived, their vicarious chance to get out of the mine and the home and hardship. Some of the best scenes in the book depict Colin's belated resentment at this state of affairs and his hatred for his younger brother, who cheerfully fails to get into the grammar school and, unharassed by his parents, just as cheerfully goes down into the mine.

Storey's restraint and intelligence often catch very precisely the hidden emotions of his characters—Colin's parents, for example, reacting cautiously to the news that he has a place at the grammar school, lacking a vocabulary of language or gesture to express their unprecedented joy, lacking even all trust in anything that looks like good luck. Colin weeps because the first girl he cares about leaves him, and Storey as narrator imitates the ordinary diffidence of his people. We perceive Colin's tears only because his mother mentions them:

> He went up to his room.
>
> His mother came up after a little while. She held a cup in a saucer, very much like the one he had brought up to her earlier in the afternoon.
>
> She stood in the doorway of the narrow room, gazing down, blindly, to where he lay on the bed.

Michael Wood teaches English at Columbia University and is the author of Stendhal *and* America in the Movies.



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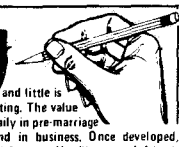

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"Is she not coming again?" she said.
"No," he said.
"Nay, love," she said. "I shouldn't cry."

Yet the discretion and authenticity of this novel also constitute its major limitation. We learn a good deal about Colin's family and friends, but very little about Colin. He is solemn, stolid, stubborn, intelligent, sometimes violent; he is a poet; he plays a fine game of rugby football. But he is above all a mystery, even to himself; his is a strangled life, even if he does seem finally to escape. The constriction of the spirit, the elimination of the heart—these are Colin's disabilities, too, and a novel so fully in sympathy with its hero cannot transcend or diminish them. It can only suffer them in mournful anger, leaving us with a zone of darkness that the title tries vainly to light up, a name where there should have been a person. ◉

Books in Brief

The Cloud of Danger: Current Realities of American Foreign Policy
by George F. Kennan
Atlantic-Little, Brown, 234 pp., $8.95

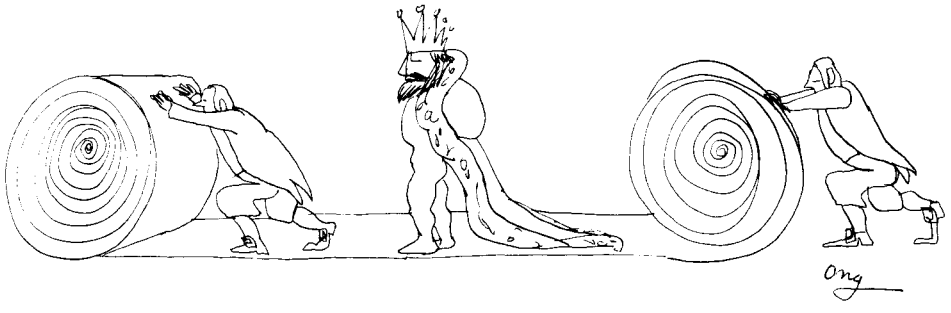
EVERYONE interested in foreign affairs should read this book. Both primer and polemic, it soberly casts shame on the complacent ignorance, naïve idealism, and humbug that infect public discussion and even the conduct of international politics. As a primer, it sets American foreign policy amid the traditions, institutions, and interests that determine America's international capabilities. George F. Kennan believes those capabilities are not great, because a democracy must be preeminently responsive to internal economic and political pressures. He thinks America could strengthen its position in foreign affairs by reducing the power of lobbyists for foreign interests, by limiting public disclosure of diplomatic maneuvers, and by lessening dependence on imported oil. But his main plea is for America to concentrate its diplomatic energies on areas of vital national interest and to be only "correct and disinterested" toward the rest of the world. In applying this thesis, Kennan deflates the presumed importance to America of most nations, including China and those of Latin America, and spells out the unflagging importance of Europe and the Soviet Union. Here Kennan's realism nicely discloses how illusory is the threat of Soviet aggression as well as how exaggerated were the expectations surrounding détente.

As an experienced diplomat, Kennan brings to this essay, as he has to his previous books, a keen sense of how diplomacy operates and a weathered skepticism toward both abstract ideals and the grand gestures of politicians. The diplomat as intellectual has never been more persuasive. —JAMES SLOAN ALLEN

The Camera Never Blinks: Adventures of a TV Journalist
by Dan Rather, with Mickey Herskowitz
Morrow, 320 pp., $10

DAN RATHER has written a talky, ingratiating account of his life in the hot center of television news, covering events from John Kennedy's assassination in Dallas (where a bewildered Rather happened to be standing just beyond the triple underpass when the wounded limousine shrieked past, a blur) to the last lying press conferences of a criminal presidency.

The result is mainly believable and likable. Believability and likability are, of course, Rather's stock-in-trade, and the ferocity of recent attacks on his work has made him more than a little defensive about both. He's damned as a sinister, eyebrow-arching ringleader in the all-powerful eastern media cabal. He's also damned as a plastic vacuity, a pretty face blabbing in living color. His effort to explain how he views himself and his work is sometimes revealing, though I for one would have liked to have heard more about television's own power struggles and fewer pieties about journalism's sacred ethics and the sainted shade of Edward R. Murrow.



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Like his presence on the screen, Rather's writing is slick and self-conscious, but then who could be in his shoes without allowing a certain narcissism to sneak in? I was sometimes excited to relive the great stories he has covered, and I was charmed (well, *mostly* charmed) by his anecdotes and after-hours bull-slinging. As for his prose, it is sometimes too self-consciously down-home Texas ("the cops were thick as ticks" when Ruby killed Oswald) and often too TV-brisk and punchy, but some passages are very fine. —STEPHEN KOCH

Nabokov: His Life in Part
by Andrew Field
Viking, 285 pp., $15

IN ONE sense, critic Andrew Field knows more about the life of Vladimir Vladimirovich Nabokov than Nabokov knows himself. In another, he knows nothing at all. Nabokov, the master illusionist, has, quite naturally, eluded him. Field's description of that head-on inevitability—"Check, Mr. Nabokov" "Mate, Mr. Field"—is exactly what gives this enormously entertaining biography its peculiar grace.

Mindful of Nabokov's anti-Freudian bias and his disdain for biographical "psycho-plagiarism," Field plays detective by Nabokov's own highly sophisticated rules of the game, taking as some of his models Nabokov's unusual treatments of Gogol, Chernyshevski, and Pushkin.

Field, the author of an exhaustive literary study called *Nabokov: His Life in Art* and the designated bilingual bibliographer of the Russian-American writer, is clearly an exceptional scholar. Because Nabokov's fiction is strewn with autobiographical teasers, Field's *Life in Art* is more revealing than his *Life in Part*. Here he buttresses the nostalgic gossamer of Nabokov's *Speak, Memory* with concrete details of Nabokov's idyllic pre-Revolutionary Russian childhood, the Cambridge years, émigré life in Berlin and Paris between the wars. Then he carries the story forward to Nabokov's Hitler-enforced immigration, his love affair with America, a little best seller named *Lolita*, and his unique friendship with Edmund Wilson.

If Field can't pin down "the real life" of Vladimir Nabokov, then he is resolved to capture en passant "a pure snatch of a real voice heard across time," as in this parenthetical exchange between Nabokov and his indispensable wife, Véra Evseevna: "*Our country*"—"*Which country, Vladimir Vladimirovich?*" Nabokov himself couldn't have imagined anything more clever or more satisfying than this trick with mirrors: a life portrait of the artist got up, as it were, in cloth of his own cut. —CAROLE COOK

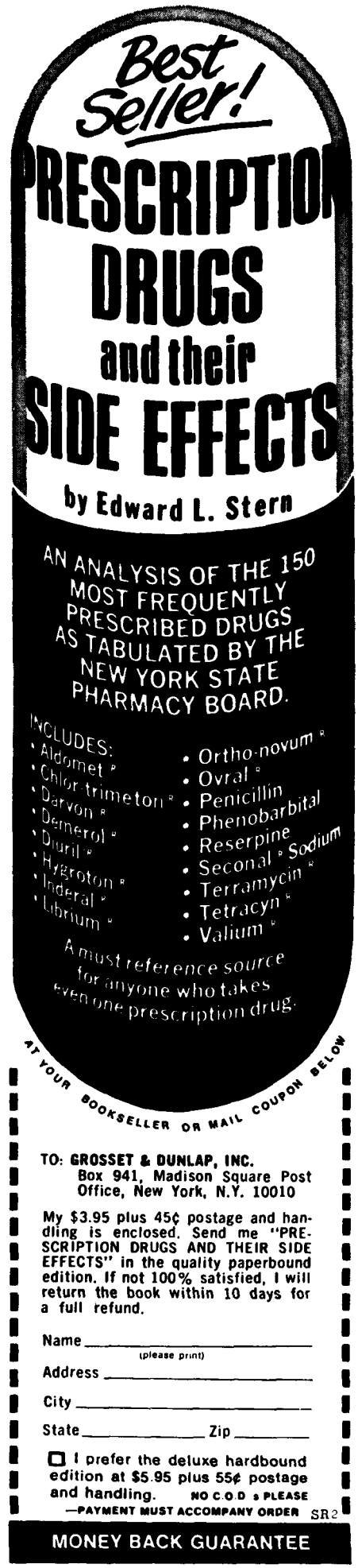
Memoirs of Heinrich Schliemann
by Leo Deuel
Harper & Row, 448 pp., $20

PALE, ugly, and sickly, Heinrich Schliemann looked anything but heroic. Yet he willed heroism on himself, pressing what he called his "iron energy" into lifelong service to fulfill his materialistic and visionary ambitions. As an international merchant feeding on the Crimean and the American civil wars, he amassed a fortune, tripling, even quadrupling his yearly income. He retired from business at age forty-four and turned to archaeology to prove the literal truth of *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey*. Though few specialists today accept his assertion that he found the fabled Troy on the dusty plains of Anatolia, the treasures he unearthed in Turkey and in the royal tombs of Mycenae dazzled the world, presented it with evidence of previously unknown eras of art and culture, and helped archaeology grow into a modern science.

This hard-nosed dreamer has been the subject of many books. Leo Deuel's "memoir" takes the form of a witty duet. Deuel's knowing narrative is followed, in each chapter, by Schliemann's own account of the same events, taken from his books and letters. Deuel sifts through the archaeologist's lies and thefts and reveals how he blocked his rivals and manipulated governments to hoard his ancient gold; Schliemann smoothly exonerates himself and rhapsodizes his beloved Homer. A gifted, insecure, and ruthless man, he never lost the wonderment that filled him as a poor boy when, apprenticed to a village grocer in Prussia, he listened to a local miller declaim some strange, sonorous lines on the fate of Troy and the wanderings of Odysseus. —JOHN FLUDAS

David Dubinsky: A Life with Labor
by David Dubinsky and A. H. Raskin
Simon & Schuster, 351 pp., $9.95

"SELF-confidence I had plenty of." This is David Dubinsky, president of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union for 34 years, winding up his autobiography with a flurry of anecdotes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illustrating what he calls "the Dubinsky luck." In his memoir, written in collaboration with *New York Times* labor correspondent A. H. Raskin, Dubinsky tells how (and why) he fought hard to kick the Communists out of the labor movement and gamely defends his union's policy of working closely with the shop owners. "Unionism is not a business but a cause" was one of his mottoes. Nonetheless, Dubinsky had a sharp instinct for business. When he was a young man, still working as a garment cutter, he was nearly fired from one job because he carried his zeal for saving the boss money too far, refusing to cut the more expensive extra-large sizes.

Dubinsky's was a life filled with the love of battle; among the opponents candidly characterized here are John L. Lewis and Sidney Hillman. Among the unlikely allies noted is Wendell Willkie, who had once considered a plan to lead the Liberal party into the national arena. Dubinsky is an unabashedly political animal, and although by his own account he was always on the right side, the labor leader resists the temptation to wrap his career, retrospectively, in the cloak of statesmanship. The largely self-educated socialist from Lodz, Poland, consistently followed his youthful belief that ideology must serve the interests of the union, not the other way around. Whether or not one agrees with him, the man has integrity to go with his *chutzpah*.

—JOYCE MILTON

Waiting for Cordelia
by Herbert Gold
Arbor House, 234 pp., $8.95

THE strengths and weaknesses of Herbert Gold as literary king of San Francisco's tuned-in and dropped-out emerge rather clearly from this engaging, zany, and irritating story.

At the center of things are two women with opposing missions: bighearted whorehouse madam Cordelia, who wants to unionize prostitution, and tough-shelled Marietta, who aspires to become the city's first woman mayor by waging a moral regeneration campaign. There's also narrator Al Dooley (whom the Gold reader knows well as a wishy-washy sociologist whose main claim to self-esteem is that he once robbed a bank), now doing a thesis on prostitution. Marietta, however, is no match for Cordelia, who, generously endowed with the attributes an all-permissive society might require in an Earth Mother, is able to handle friends, clients, and mayoral aspirants (indeed, everyone except her own daughter) with equal aplomb. It's Cordelia, as well, and her bustling operation that provide most of the fun, which involves a sex-hungry basketball team, an offbeat Soviet spy, a failed homosexual, and a lawyer who sports panty hose.

Gold is a skilled wordsmith, a master of the freak portrait gallery, an acute observer of not only the comedy but also the pathos of pretense. Yet his whole story here seems to be moving toward some overwhelming question (about love) that is never phrased, let alone answered. It has much vitality but little progression; its humor undercuts its meaning; it dazzles, but it doesn't sustain. —PETER GARDNER

Building 6: The Tragedy at Bridesburg
by Willard S. Randall and
Stephen D. Solomon
Little, Brown, 317 pp., $10

RANDALL and Solomon's exposé, which grew from a 1975 story in the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, documents a complex web of corporate fear, vacillation, and ignorance that kept Rohm and Haas, a chemical manufacturing firm ironically known for its "community-mindedness," from acting decisively to save workers' lives.

In November 1962 a "confidential" memorandum that was circulated among executives at Rohm and Haas drew attention to a suspicious number of deaths from lung cancer in Building 6 of their Bridesburg, Philadelphia, plant. Chloromethyl ether, manufactured in that building, was already known to be an "acute respiratory irritant," yet six more years went by before the company converted to a safer, though not necessarily accident-proof, "closed kettle" system of production. Nine more years passed before the surviving Building 6 employees were told, in plain language, that they were working with a deadly human carcinogen.

Although this report is likely to be most valuable as a case study in boardroom intransigence, the real shocker for the average reader is the authors' broader indictment of America's rush to embrace the synthetic revolution: Industry as a whole has been unwilling to accept the costs of testing toxic chemicals. Workers, especially unionized ones like those at Bridesburg, have been slow to demand effective protection. The government still spends more time inspecting plant lunchrooms than monitoring the production of carcinogens. Given this record, the sorrowful admission by the president of Rohm and Haas that "more men have to die. It's just inevitable. . ." is as quietly ominous as the ticking of a social time bomb.

—JOYCE MILTON

The Power Peddlers
by Russell Warren Howe and
Sarah Hays Trott
Doubleday, 546 pp., $12.50

IN THIS meticulously researched study, Russell Warren Howe, a veteran correspondent, has teamed up with Sarah Hays Trott, a young researcher, to produce one of the most disturbing reports ever written of how foreign governments and pressure groups lobby for special favors from Congress and the White House. Though they maintain a dispassionate equilibrium through all the twists and turns of their investigation and manage to write with a certain sardonic standoffishness, the authors are dryly merciless in their treatment of just about everyone.

The tactics of the American Israel Public Affairs Committee (AIPAC), to name one of the dozens of lobbying groups analyzed by Howe and Trott, seem to epitomize the calculating cynicism of the breed. From pressuring congressmen to sign letters on important policy questions concerning Israel to deluging critics with threats and invective, there is little AIPAC will not do to further Israel's best interests. So successful has the lobby been that its director, Morris Amitay, unabashedly boasts, "We have never lost on a major issue."

Clark Clifford shows up at one point as the high-priced counsel for a propaganda agency hired by the China lobby and later as a representative of Arab interests. Agents for rival nationalist organizations, notably the Greeks, keep tripping all over each other in Washington, while generals and senators are forever getting conned (and bribed, by flattery if nothing else) into taking sides.

If the book has a serious flaw, it is that it is too encyclopedic; the reader risks losing track of names and events if he doesn't constantly refer to the index. Yet the fact that it does contain so much material will make it a handy reference—not to mention a sweeping exposé of a hidden problem "that puts the United States at a self-destructive disadvantage in relation to virtually every other member of the worldwide comity of nations."

—DONALD KIRK

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Caroline, Como, and Condon

The hang glider, looking like a gaudy pterodactyl, swooped down gracefully from the surrounding mountains and splashed into Lake Como, 20 yards away from the balcony where we were sipping Campari and soda. "Dick," I said to Richard Condon, "you sure know how to toss a swell party."

I've been to parties before. Occasional parties are among the perks of working in the literary game. But I'd never before been to a party at the Grand Hotel Villa d'Este (one of the world's ten best), nor had I ever before been flown to a party first-class on Alitalia—as close to heaven as I'll ever get. But Richard Condon does things right.

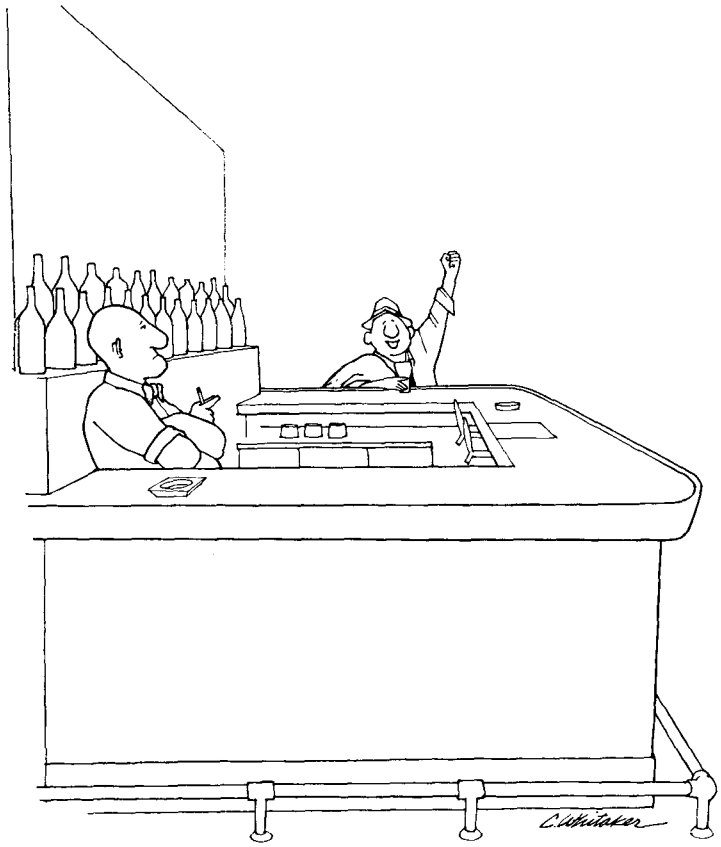
It was really a birthday party; not Condon's birthday, but the 209th birthday of Queen Caroline of Brunswick, wife of the egregious King George IV and the only English queen ever tried for adultery—a particularly rare first. She is the subject of Condon's latest novel, *The Abandoned Woman* (Dial Press, $8.95). She was abandoned because when she met her king for an arranged marriage—he was then the prince regent—it was loathing at first sight. They separated after a year of mutual misery and spent the rest of their lives as far apart as possible, sniping at one another, each using political leverage to try to bring the other down. Adultery? Damn right she committed adultery, all over the place—including at the Villa d'Este, which she bought and in which she lived for five years (1815–20).

Writing a historical novel is something new for Richard Condon. He's published 15 books, including a Mexican cookbook, written with his daughter, and a book (*And Then We Moved to Rossenarra*) about refurbishing and moving into an Irish mansion, where he now makes his home. Before he turned to writing, he was for years a movie publicist, working with Zanuck, Goldwyn, De Mille, and Howard Hughes (oh, the stories he can tell!), and a theatrical producer. His best-known book (which by now I'm sure he's tired of being identified by) is *The Manchurian Candidate*, and among the others are *Mile High* and *Winter Kills*, currently being made into a star-studded movie. What next? I asked; and he revealed that he's gone further back in time and is writing an even more historical novel, *The Averted Eye*, delving into the fifteenth century, when there were three popes competing with one another: those of Spain, Rome, and Avignon. "Just as the court intrigues in *The Abandoned Woman* resemble our Watergate," he said, "the political machinations in the new book can be compared to those of the 1968 Democratic convention that nominated Hubert Humphrey."

Condon is a talker. Not a monologist or monopolist, and by no means a bore. He knows more about Queen Caroline of Brunswick than anybody alive. Come to think of it, he must know more about a number of things than anybody alive. Name a subject—gardening, oysters, London and New York restaurants, the Mafia, the movies, the CIA, Ireland, hotels—and Condon comes up with amazing facts and anecdotes. He's an enthusiast, a fabulist, a raconteur with a touch of the leprechaun.

To get back to Queen Caroline, the three-day party ended with a four-hour dinner, "the kind of dinner that Caroline might have served at the Villa d'Este." It was preceded by the unveiling of a huge photographic reproduction of Sir George Hayter's painting, now hanging in London's National Gallery, of Caroline's adultery trial before the House of Lords. "Everyone's in it," Condon lectured us. He pointed: "Here," he said, "is Lord Brougham, counsel for Caroline, a writer and a lawyer. And, incidentally, the man who gave his name to our favorite means of transportation." He pointed to another figure, "Earl Grey, the Whig leader." A voice from the audience exclaimed, "He gave us our tea!" "A toast to Earl Grey!" said Condon. When we'd all calmed down from that dizziness, he continued, "And *here* is George Agar-Ellis, later Lord Dover. . . ." "Dover sole! Dover sole!" a wag cried out. More toasts and more nonsense.

To celebrate a 209th birthday at a site where the birthday girl lived for only five years may seem to be stretching a tenuous connection to a book. "Tenuous, yes," said an attending correspondent from Rome, pouring his champagne. "Tenuous, but acceptable. Certainly acceptable. A toast to Richard Condon!" To which I responded, "How about the three C's—Caroline, Como, and Condon! Cheers!" ◉



"All right, the next round's on me."

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Big Business: Photography's Newest Patron

by Margaret R. Weiss

Gertrude Käsebier: "Evelyn Nesbit," ca. 1903. From "Turn-of-the-Century America" at the Whitney Museum (through October 2).

In its current role as patron of the arts, big business has come around to extending the grace-and-favor of corporate patronage to photography—a medium it once considered merely a handy craft for sales messages, annual reports, and intramural employee contests. Today it is no longer unusual to find members of the Fortune 500 fraternity not only earmarking company funds for print acquisitions and specially commissioned photographic projects but bankrolling major museum exhibitions.

Whether wholly underwritten by the corporation or cosponsored with a matching grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, many of these exhibits have been noteworthy offerings that otherwise might never have reached the public eye. Nor in some instances would there have been an invaluable catalog or monograph to add to the photography bookshelf.

Certainly this was true of two Museum of Modern Art events that SCM Corporation's support made possible: "New Japanese Photography," an East-meets-West survey presented in 1974, and the memorable Edward Weston retrospective a year later. They have since been seen by audiences in art centers across the country, and commemorative volumes remain in print for now-and-future reference.

Philip Morris, Inc., was the benefactor behind "Frontier America: The Far West," a Bicentennial photo-documentary launched at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston and subsequently sent on the road to other museums here and abroad. Images borrowed from long-buried albums or reproduced from old glass-plate negatives gave viewers vivid glimpses of the temper and terrain of the period. Several months ago, nineteenth-century life in redwood country was revisited in "Fine California Views," a revealing capsule of the region's pioneer camerawork. A grant from Atlantic-Richfield funded the show and brought it from the West Coast for a Manhattan debut at the International Center of Photography.

Exercising what its founder called "the privilege of private initiative," J. C. Penney Company elected to sponsor the current retrospective at the Whitney Museum. "Turn-of-the-Century America"—an appropriate theme for the company's seventy-fifth anniversary—is an assemblage of about 250 photographs, paintings, and graphics from the years between 1890 and 1910. As a collective period piece, it limns the artistic and socioeconomic directions of the pre-World War I era. But more important, it also reflects the interplay between camera and easel art in the shifting currents of Pictorialism and Realism. Paintings by Eakins, Sargent, and Mary Cassatt hang amicably with the prints of Gertrude Käsebier and Clarence White; Stieglitz's city scenes and those of Everett Shinn or John Sloan are not incompatible. All through the show there are graphic reminders of the powerful presence of Stieglitz, Steichen, and others in the Photo-Secession movement; of the documentary contributions of Hine, Riis, and Frances

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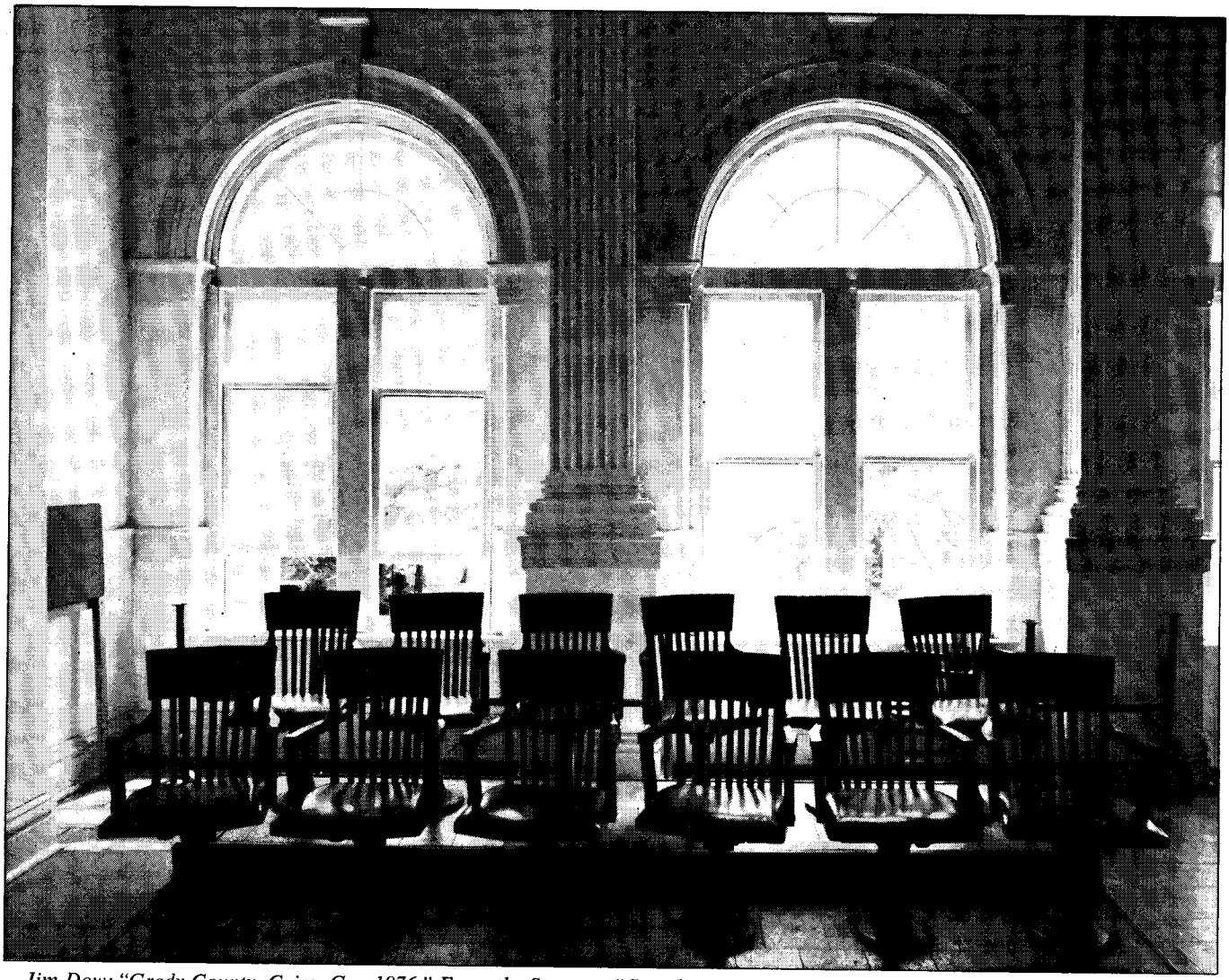

MOMA

Jim Dow: "Grady County, Cairo, Ga., 1976." From the Seagram "Courthouse" Collection at The Museum of Modern Art.

Johnston, as well as those made by the nameless commercial practitioners whose lenses focused on local landmarks and family celebrations. After its summer-long stay in New York, the exhibit will tour the country, reaching St. Louis, Seattle, and Oakland on its 1977–78 itinerary.

Another of photography's new patrons is Seagram, which has invested about $100,000 in its collection of American cityscapes by past and present masters. (At all times a generous sampling of these prints may be seen on exhibit in Seagram's mid-Manhattan offices.) In addition, the company dispatched two dozen photographers and their view cameras across the land to document 1,000 county courthouses of particular architectural or historical interest. The result of this $250,000 project is an archive that mirrors the spectrum of periods and styles from understated Colonial to overblown Beaux Arts. In translation to film, the underlying con-

Continued on page 54

Henri Cartier-Bresson: "Matisse, Vence 1944." From the Hallmark Collection.

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The Movies

Summer Coolers

by Judith Crist

THE midsummer entertainments are upon us in season, with the distinction that—amid all the mindless adventure and nerve-twanging thrills, millions of dollars' worth of hardware and special effects—we are back to the notion that good guys do win. This surety, which mass-entertainment movies once provided, had been preempted by television, while films significantly reflected our social cynicisms of the late Sixties and early Seventies. But the Bicentennial year seems to have been a watershed between the flood of disaster flicks and the flow of suspense-adventure movies. The white hats are winning once again, and you can relax and enjoy the tensions along the way to the happy ending, knowing your moral loyalties will be rewarded much in the *Star Wars* fashion.

Two big-league diversions prove the point. Jennings Lang's *Rollercoaster* is a relatively traditional hunt-for-a-mad-bomber chase story given lagniappe by the bomber's victimization of amusement parks around the country, exhilarating suspense by James Goldstone's directorial point of view, and intelligence by a first screenplay from Richard Levinson and William Link, the television writing team that has given us such bonanzas as *Columbo*, *My Sweet Charlie*, and *That Certain Summer*. Goldstone's eye is on the ground as well as on the roller coasters that are the bomber's targets in his scheme to extort $1 million from amusement-park operators: the threat of carnage rather than the violence itself is the focus, so that both the acrophobes and the coaster freaks can have good unqueasy fun.

A good cast refreshes the stereotypical roles, with Timothy Bottoms making the bomber an intelligent all-American-boy extortionist; George Segal giving appealing quirks to the civil service safety-and-standards inspector drawn into unwanted confrontation as the extortionist's "contact"; Richard Widmark giving substance to the federal agent who takes over in no uncertain style. Triggered by a spectacular coaster crash, which we see Bottoms carefully engineer and ruthlessly execute, the chase goes cross-country, from Los Angeles to Pittsburgh to Chicago to Richmond. It comes to a simply smashing conclusion at the Magic Mountain amusement park in Los Angeles, on the Fourth of July, at the inauguration of the world's largest steel coaster, "The Revolution," which features the first 360-degree vertical roller-coaster loop ever built. Sensurround, that electronic shake-you-up effect that was effective with *Earthquake*, is almost diversionary in this film (making one suspect earthquakes in the vicinity of each roller coaster), but it adds to the gimmicky joy-ride feeling the film as a whole generates.

The Deep—*"Lusting sharks and armed-to-the-teeth bad guys."*

For another kind of nerve-tingling adventure, *The Deep* provides a multifaceted underwater treasure hunt, with villains pursuing our good guys on land as well as at sea. Based rather loosely on Peter Benchley's second best seller (after *Jaws*), from which Benchley and Tracy Keenan Wynn wrote the screenplay, the film offers a nice mixture of old-fashioned and contemporary shenanigans. It is given substance by Al Giddings and Stan Waterman's fine underwater cinematography, with Christopher Challis director of photography, and by still another convincing "character" performance by Robert Shaw.

Shaw, as Romer Treece, an expert treasure hunter and diver, provides the one engaging and substantial personality on hand. His costars, Jacqueline Bisset and Nick Nolte, portray the usual beautiful young couple caught up in adventure beyond their holiday plans. Diving around reefs near the Bermuda resort at which they are staying, the two come up with a medallion and an ampul they cannot identify, though a courtly Haitian seems particularly interested in the ampul. Their inquiries lead them to Treece, and together, the three learn that the medallion indicates buried royal eighteenth-century treasure (much talk of ruby-encrusted and emerald-laden goodies) and that the very twentieth-century ampul (and there are 98,000 more down below) is filled with morphine. The treasure may or may not exist, but the courtly Haitian, played in violence-cum-voodoo style by Lou Gossett, is after the morphine, and the chase is on.

While the earthbound pursuit-and-encounter scenes are relatively routine—amid much exposition that allows only Shaw to give salt to the dialogue and depth to a characterization—once the action gets underwater, director Peter Yates demon-

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strates his expertise. The swimmers establish lyrical, almost slow-motioned moods, made tense by the shadow of menace and then exploded by the dart of destruction, whether from a deadly moray eel, a lusting school of sharks, or armed-to-the-teeth bad guys. Gossett, his cohorts, and Eli Wallach, as a sort of Walter Brennan beach bum turned traitor, provide assorted exotic villainies; Shaw is the Rock of Gibraltar we all need in times of terror; and Ms. Bisset, given little to do, is lovely to look at wet or dry. And it won't really put you off scuba diving or Bermuda for life.

THESE, along with exorcists, heretics, and the assorted horror-flick inhabitants of an American International Pictures spate of summer releases (*Empire of the Ants*, *The People that Time Forgot*, *The Island of Dr. Moreau*), are seasonal coolers in the old tradition. If the tradition happens to include trash of another genre, the epitome of the nadir thereof is *The Other Side of Midnight*, which lives down to the level of the Sidney Sheldon novel. A pathetic attempt to re-create those lush woman's-vengeance melodramas of the Thirties and Forties, it simply gives or reaffirms Hollywood-hack status to its creators (producer Frank Yablans, director Charles Jarrott, screenwriters Herman Raucher and Daniel Taradash) and proves that, given the right vehicle and the wrong advice, lovely and gifted actresses like Marie-France Pisier and Susan Sarandon can emerge on screen as unappetizing no-talents.

For a blockbuster of another kind, there's *New York, New York*, Martin Scorsese's seeming pastiche of Forties and Fifties romantic-musical movies. It doesn't quite come off—if only because nostalgists seem to have forgotten the length of those innocent, intellectually inept, all-heart star vehicles of yesteryear. At two hours thirty-five minutes, an hour too much, Scorsese's semi-*A Star Is Born* story of a singer and a saxophonist whose marriage breaks up as her success outpaces his is attenuated, rife with factual and cinematic anachronisms, and ultimately unsatisfying. But it does offer a simply irresistible performance by Robert De Niro; Liza Minnelli at her most charismatic (with moments as a reincarnation of her mother, Judy Garland); excellent bits by Diahnne Abbott and Mary Kay Place; a fine score of period classics with some bright new Kander and Ebb songs; and enough niceness to provide passable entertainment.

Rollercoaster—*"Good unqueasy fun for acrophobes and coaster freaks."*

Some small gems may be overlooked in the drumbeating for the midsummer blockbusters:

Cria, written and directed by that gifted Spanish filmmaker Carlos Saura, is a tantalizing memory of childhood, a subtle and deeply touching recall of a time in a young life when a child exercised—or believed she exercised—life-and-death power over her widowed father and foster-mother aunt to avenge the death of her beloved mother. Saturated with mystery tinged by the macabre, varying with the volatile moods of the young, the film is also an engrossing family portrait in a certain time, place, and society. Ana Torrent, a ten-year-old with haunted eyes to haunt you, is perfection as the girl; Geraldine Chaplin, whose gifts seem to grow with each vehicle but achieve a particular glow in films by Saura, portrays both the mother the child remembers and the woman the child becomes. A just-released 1973 Saura film, *Cousin Angelica*, is almost a companion piece. This is of a boyhood recalled, as a middle-aged man renews acquaintance with the maternal relatives with whom he lived at the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War, when his father became a Loyalist outcast, and encounters the cousin he loved. Saura's is a remarkably successful technical tour de force, as the adult protagonist, brilliantly portrayed by Jose Luis Lopez Vazquez, walks back and forth in time. Further, beyond its indication of the boyhood moldings of a man, the film is filled with valuable political and religious insights and viewpoints about Spain.

Italy's social and political shifts and changes since World War II are reflected in glowingly humanistic terms in Ettore Scola's delightful and deeply touching *We All Loved Each Other So Much*, concocted by Scola with screenwriters Age and Scarpelli, those veterans of the golden age of Italian movie comedy. Scola's forte, as *The Pizza Triangle* demonstrated, is the all-seeing but compassionate satiric eye he casts upon us poor pretentious mortals. He outdoes himself in tracing the lives of three men—who became intimate friends as partisans in wartime—and the woman they all loved. He has a simply perfect cast: Vittorio Gassman, as the ambitious and ruthless lawyer; Nino Manfredi, as the politically innocent working stiff; Stefano Satta Flores, as the intellectual whose life was twice changed by the late Vittorio De Sica's *Bicycle Thief*; and Stefania Sandrelli, that beauty of *Divorce—Italian Style* and *Seduced and Abandoned*, as the woman, an aspiring actress. And beyond the sad-funny truths of social and individual change (or the lack thereof), Scola's triumph is in providing in this film, so rightly dedicated to De Sica, a reflection in form as well as in content of the part that movies have played in our lives. The result is a very stylish, wise, and witty social comedy. ◉

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Booked for Travel

Who Said a Warehouse Is Not a Home?

From Cast-Iron Architecture in New York

Cast-iron facade, 46 Greene Street, SoHo—"Newly minted magnates enshrined the architectural accents of the homeland from which they had emigrated."

by Horace Sutton

As a tool employed by those who wear hard hats and work to refashion the urban face, the wrecking ball is as out of style as mud and wattle. The urbiculturists—give a multimillion-dollar skyscraping enclave or two—move now not to knock down and build anew, but to make over, or, to use today's mot juste, to recycle. Boston reworked its old waterfront; Newport, with private financing, rebuilt a clutch of Colonial houses; Philadelphia turned tenements into natty town houses.

But the zestiest make-over of all is New York's SoHo, which was born—or, in the current phrase, born again—because of an artistic fluke. It has emerged, ten years after it began, as one of the city's most highly seasoned sectors, an anomaly for its residents, a marketplace of worldwide importance in art circles, and a tourist curiosity, especially on weekends.

New York's SoHo, no kin to London's, is an area of 26 city blocks bounded by Houston Street on the north, Canal Street on the south, Broadway on the east, and Sixth Avenue (more grandly known, lately, as the Avenue of the Americas) on the west. It is called SoHo and spelled with two capitals because it identifies itself as the area south of Houston Street, a cognomen that in New York, anyway, is pronounced—visiting Texans take note—as if it were spelled *how-ston*. In the ripe precincts of lower Manhattan, which possess a certain cultural kinship with Brooklyn, Sam Houston, pronounced *hew-ston*, is not a celebrated folk hero.

John Jacob Astor, the Heidelberg fur trader who emigrated to America at the age of twenty in 1783, snapped up large blocks of SoHo real estate in the early 1800s, including a preserve once occupied by John Adams when he was Vice-President. A score and a half of Federal houses still stand in SoHo, sandwiched in between the warehouses and the lofts that were once the premises of great New York stores—Lord and Taylor, Arnold Constable, Brooks Brothers, and Tiffany's.

In the mid-nineteenth century, before the invention of steel skeletons and high-speed elevators, buildings were fitted out with prefabricated cast-iron facades. The strength of iron allowed broad windows and expanses of floor space wider than a roller rink. Moreover, the facade could be cast in any design from Queen Anne to fussy Italian; it could be ordered to suit the taste of the owner, and many newly minted magnates enshrined the architectural accents of the homeland from which they had emigrated.

It is a question of who uncovered the inherent beauties, or historical significance—whichever—in New York's cast-iron buildings. It may well have been the artists who, ten years ago, began to move into the lofts, or it could have been the architectural buffs themselves. No matter. The artists are ensconced behind the iron facades, and there is both a book on the subject (*Cast-Iron Architecture in New York*, by Margot Gayle and Edmund Gillon, Jr., Dover, $6) and a cast-iron association, called Friends of Cast-Iron Architecture. The cast-iron people sell the book, conduct spring walking tours, invite interested parties to join their group, and publish a four-page list of cast-iron buildings in SoHo.

The artists came upon SoHo's lofts because the space needed to accommodate large works of art was impossible to find uptown. In the beginning, using a loft as a habitation was illegal, and when inspectors came knocking at the doors to the lofts, there were hasty efforts to camouflage beds. But in 1970 the city legalized the residential use of lofts by artists, and the neighborhood underwent a muffled but highly audible implosion. Three years later, SoHo was officially designated as a historic area. The Landmarks Preservation Commission, knighting the neighborhood with instant heritage, noted that cast-iron architecture was a significant contribution to the "subsequent development of the skyscraper, which is this country's outstanding contribution to world architecture." It called the metal-and-glass skyscrapers that are the mark of New York today direct descendants "of their modest prototypes between Canal and Houston streets."

Now SoHo had legitimacy and legal protection, not to mention significance. The outsized works of art created in the lofts of SoHo may well have marked a new art trend—photorealism to mention one departural style—but they proved a problem for the dealers cramped into relatively small and expensive quarters on Madison Avenue in New York's tony high-rent district. As a result, the dealers

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moved south, too, and by the end of the 1970–71 season, SoHo was on its way to becoming a thoroughly integrated art center. Creators and sellers were all clustered in one compact area. They needed only the buyers.

SoHo's residential lofts have become more elaborate and more expensive. A loft sold or rented "raw" means considerable expenditures in plumbing, electric lines, flooring, finishing, and painting.

Residentially, SoHo is not exactly Junksville. A notice tacked to a gallery bulletin board recently read: "Beautifully, totally finished co-op loft for sale, $90,-000." In the code of the quarter, "finished" means plumbing is installed and floors scraped. Another heralded a "Tribeca loft, 11-foot ceilings, north and river view from 7th floor. Clean. Semi-raw. $300 per month and fee." In the patois, "tribeca" signifies the triangle below Canal Street. Lowell Nesbitt, a painter who has lived in SoHo ever since it was legal to do so, occupies a loft so large he has it divided into nine rooms. He maintains five people on his payroll, including a Chinese chef, and pays $700 a month rent. Not exactly urban renewal in the accepted sense.

Even at those prices there are some heavy drawbacks. Industry continues to live in SoHo, intermingling with the art colony. This means rumbling trucks, dirty streets, and soot-speckled air. Cabdrivers being taken to places in SoHo are forever asking their fares if they are sure they have the right address.

Lofts that do not contain artists and their Chinese chefs may well contain such tenants as the Standard Paper Box Machine Company. Signs next to arty digs may advertise the tenants (as one does) as "dealers in cheesecloth, wiping cloths, wool rags, woolen clippings, furniture pads and drop cloths."

There is a spillover, too, of Italians from Little Italy. St. Anthony's festival, a street fair of considerable renown in lower Manhattan, is a June event along Sullivan and Thompson streets. A storefront screened from public view identifies the premises of the Sullivan Knights (members only), a private Italian club. There may be Federal houses interlarded here and there, evoking memories of Washington, Lafayette, and John Adams, all of whom frequented the quarter, but this is also, artists aside, a robust neighborhood in the New York style, where sweaty types in tank tops, kerchiefs tied around heads, whack away at handball, basketball, and paddle ball on the concrete playing fields of Gotham.

The new bohemian chic has displaced some of the old Italian landmarks that served those newly arrived countrymen who coexisted with the factories. Napoli Restaurant, where a slummer from uptown could come for a plate of spaghetti for 75 cents, has been replaced by the SoHo Charcuterie. The old pressed-tin ceiling is still there. From it are suspended white industrial lamps and buckets of ferns. One day last spring the sideboard was decorated with a huge spray of magnolia blossoms. Very New York elegant.

No spaghetti now. The menu calls for Brie on a baguette, brioche stuffed with chicken tarragon, mimosa salad with Black Forest ham. The customers sit at spare, butcher-block tables. The decor is fresh fern on white. Up front in the charcuterie, the take-out customers are ordering slices of *pâté* of wild duck and *pâté de lapin*.

SoHo Charcuterie is fresh-faced; Berry's is dark, serves classical music, runs a good bar, presents a French menu. Everybody goes to the Spring Street Bar, which has no name on the door. The actual address is 162 Spring Street. Brick walls. Cane chairs. Flowers on the tables. Skylight. It makes no pretense in the kitchen, serves chili with rice, quiche, a hot meat loaf sandwich, broccoli vinaigrette. Its vegetables are not carrots and peas. They are chalked on the wall—snow peas and artichokes. The kitchen does a salad of cabbage, bacon, and spices.

Its neighbor, Oh-Ho-So—well, don't try to work anagrams with that one—hides behind glass windows tinted black. Tables and chairs are assorted and unmatched. Green plants hang everywhere. A two-story-high bamboo extravaganza reaches for the skylight. The inevitable industrial lamps look down on servings of spicy angry chicken, yam yam duckling, and barbecued duck liver—a Chinese-tinted menu. A part owner is Ivan Karp, the shogun of SoHo, whose Broadway gallery is called O.K. Harris Works of Art.

In his gallery, an enormous prairie of parquet floors and whitewashed brick walls, Karp serves photorealism paintings of Kentucky Fried Chicken parlors and finned autos of the 1950s. He gets, or asks, $250 for a numbered print of the Warhol soup can. But $6 will buy a T-shirt that proclaims, "O.K. Harris Works of Art."

Prince Street is a confusion of put-on, superserious counterculture, displaced Madison Avenue folderol, and artistic boff. The Cheese Store spreads its wares as if it were preparing the midnight buffet on the *Ile de France*—goat cheeses, Brie, baguettes, and beluga (at $30 for four ounces). Somebody up in those lofts is loaded with *goût*. Across the street, the establishment known as Whole Foods keeps a dazzling inventory of nuts, beans, seeds, steel-cut oats, rye berries, red lentils, and (at 60 cents a pound) soy grits.

Jim Duchart

Neon sculptures in SoHo gallery—"Most arresting of all, a smoking pistol."

The Prince Street Bar displays what it calls showcase talent from midnight to 4:00 A.M., Sundays through Thursdays. It demands auditions first. An emerging tippler, no more than half a sheet into a passing zephyr, might look up in some wonder at the structure on the corner where Prince meets Greene. The cast-iron building once had a twin, but it was excavated, and the plot sits there now, empty as the socket of a pulled tooth. The exposed side of the building was a wall of uneven brick after its neighbor went. But the painters came and put up a trompe l'oeil cast-iron facade, complete with a painted dozing cat.

Art, cabaret, and respectable dining are all combined at The Ballroom Restaurant, as renowned for its kitchen as it is for a

Continued on page 54

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Top of My Head

The Cat

by Goodman Ace

SOME months ago, a staff writer on *The New Yorker* assumed I was worthy of one of those famous "Profiles" for which that magazine is noted. He was Mark Singer, my great-nephew. Effusively, he phoned to tell me of his plan, and just as effusively I told him he could be much better employed.

But Mark, at twenty-six, does not accept sage, oracular advice without a heaping side order of heavily salted French fries washed down with a Coke. The next day he came to me and reported that he had cornered William Shawn, the esteemed *New Yorker* editor, and told him of his plan to profile me, his great-uncle. Although Mr. Shawn recognizes blatant nepotism when he sees it, Mark said he had euchred his editor into a "maybe."

Having traveled that "maybe" route through the years, I tried to cushion young Mark's fall. It was time for some wise, avuncular talk—Dutch avuncular talk. Hard-core advice, heavily salted with you can't win 'em all—it takes four downs to make a first down—it's not whether you win or lose, it's how much—drop it, forget it—press on to something else.

He listened quietly; several months and 16,000 words later, Mark handed his script to Mr. Shawn, who recognized fine writing when he saw it, and it appeared in the April 4 issue of the magazine. And no one here to cushion the fall of a great-uncle oracle.

All this is prologue and relevant to the subtitle of this column. Almost all the mail I've received asks about a cat Mark discovered in his research. It seems that—well, I'll let Mark tell it to you by quoting part of one paragraph from *The New Yorker*:

A close friend of his, Jean Bach, is fond of saying that Ace has a tendency to back into airplane propellers, suggesting that he frequently courts small-scale disaster. Not long ago, Ace had a dinner date with Mrs. Bach. When he arrived to pick her up, she wasn't ready to leave, so he sat down in her living room to wait. She owns a cat. At some point, the cat must have wandered into the living room, because the next day Mrs. Bach found a scrap of paper on her coffee table which gave evidence of some arcane duel that had taken place the previous evening. It said:

ACE	CAT
𝍸	𝍸

Mrs. Bach had the piece of paper framed.

"What," the letters now ask, "was the 'arcane duel' you had with the cat?" Well, first let me tell you about Seymour. That was the cat's name. Our first meeting, when the beautiful Ms. Bach introduced us, was not propitious. It wasn't that I didn't try. "What's your name?" I asked him. "Come on, tell me your name. What's the matter? Dog got your tongue?" Seymour turned his long, sleek, tawny back on me and pussyfooted away.

Whenever I visited the Bachs, Seymour always sat staring at me. He was imperious, arrogant, priggish, contumelious. Face it, Seymour was an s-n-o-b.

Ms. Bach told me that once when she and her husband, Robert, formed a small recording corporation, their attorney advised that the law required a third officer. Thus the letterhead showed: "Treasurer, Seymour Katz." She told me that Seymour received many letters with checks enclosed. But wealth did not sit gently on Seymour's brow. If anything, he was more standoffish than ever.

And now I find myself in the wretched position of playing second catgut to Seymour, who to many readers is the star of the "Profile," explaining what Mark described as an "arcane duel." *Sic transit gloria.*

IN THE first place, the game is not arcane. It has always been the national pastime of catdom. It has only two players, at least one of whom is a cat. The equipment consists of a piece of yarn, string, or ribbon not more than a yard long. There was such a ribbon on the Bachs' coffee table.

I flicked it toward Seymour. Quick as a cat, Seymour grabbed it in his mitt and held on till I pulled it back. One for Seymour. I tore off the corner of a page in a magazine and scored one point for the cat. As we all know, the first player to get five points wins the set.

Seymour easily grabbed the next two pitches. He sneered at me. But that's when I noticed that Seymour was a southpaw. I decided to give him my Sunday pitch—a hard slider, low and away. For five straight pitches he came up empty-pawed. I had won—5 to 3.

That's the story of the cat. But it's all academic now because Seymour has since passed on to that big box of Purina in the feline sky. However, anyone ecstatically interested to read the rest of Mark's paper, which concerns only his great-uncle, can find the April 4 issue of *The New Yorker* in any doctor's office after October 15. ◉

"Sorry, lady. Your meter has expired."

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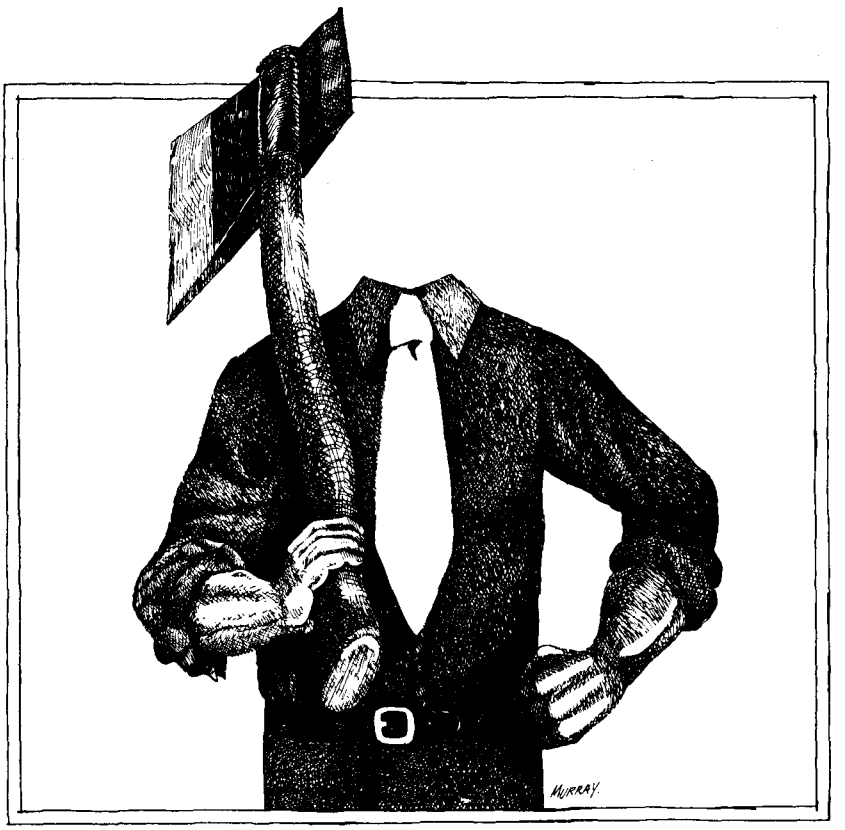

"Some budget slashers are missing the point."

"Budget cutting in state and local governments is politically popular. Unfortunately, it's not always financially smart.

Take New York for example. Without much thought, the state proposed to shut down 135 day care centers, serving 7,500 working families, in hopes of saving $20 million.

In fact, a Columbia School of Public Health study calculated that this 'saving' would have created $18.8 million in spending by other government agencies, both state and federal.

As the union representing state and local government workers, we see these kinds of blind budget decisions being made in every state, every day.

We know legitimate budget cuts are hard enough to live with. But false cuts are intolerable."

"The business of government is people."

—**Jerry Wurf,** President

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Manner of Speaking

Letters (and a Memo) Composed but Never Sent

by John Ciardi

Dear Irate Reader:
I am sorry to say I do not share your analytic interest in my character. The last time I looked at it, I found I was much too fastidious to live with it in any acknowledged relationship. What came to my mind at that time was a saying I have from my long-dead grandfather. "When something stinks," he used to say, "don't stir it."

Since you have chosen to churn it so vigorously, I have no choice but to move upwind of it, leaving you to choose your own direction at your own pleasure, though if you are really at a loss, it would be my pleasure to tell you exactly where to go.

Yours, etc.,

Dear Faithful Reader:
It is good of you to submit all 300 pages of your *Peonies, Peonies, and Other Poems* for publication in *SR*. I, too, never miss an issue. In the issues I have never missed for the past five years, I have noted that *SR* no longer publishes poetry, that it has no poetry editor, and that neither I nor Charles Cicardi is it.

The manuscript weighs 3 lb. 9 oz. If you would like it returned, please remit a postal order for $6.29.

Regretfully,

Dear Appalled:
I know that Carl Sandburg said *gringo* derived from Robert Burns's song "Green Grow the Rashes, O" as (presumably) sung by U.S. Cavalry units in Mexico. I have myself heard him say it. It was, I gather, part of his fixed patter in introducing the song.

He sang it engagingly, as I recall. He did tend, however, to overlook the fact (available in various etymological dictionaries of Spanish) that the word *gringo* (in a sense related to but different from its modern usage) was established in early-seventeenth-century Spanish.

Such dating gives us a way of putting word evolutions in sequence. To date *gringo* from an imaginary nineteenth-century incident is a bit after the fact. Etymologists tend to distrust baptismal records dated two centuries after the birth. Such certificates, they feel, smack of illegitimacy.

That seventeenth-century dating is based on firm evidence. Firm evidence can offend nothing but error. I doubt that I have forever removed error from human affairs. I have found a piece of evidence with which to correct one small but widely popularized error.

If you are moved to take that statement of evidence as an offense to the memory of Carl Sandburg, I must believe we have become unintelligible to one another. There being no meeting in Babel, I can only sign myself,

Yours forever apart,

Dear Good Old Joe:
It sure is great to hear that you have a ten-year-old son and that he writes poems. When my sons were ten, they even, sometimes, addressed me with a civil tongue. It is easy to feel nostalgic for such lost times.

They, too, sometimes wrote poetry. They wrote the sort of stuff ten-year-old boys write when they are not at Little League practice. One poem, I recall, was about hitting a home run in Little League play. No one can do much better than a home run. But when parents stand and cheer, it might be well to remember that a home run in Little League is not likely to be even a single later, even in high school baseball. Nor is that Little League home run reason enough for calling in the major league scouts.

Why not settle for the fact that no boy is likely to be arrested as a juvenile delinquent when in the act of writing a poem, even when the poem amounts to nothing?

I can't really say I remember you from the old neighborhood in Chicago, old pal —I have never lived in Chicago. Just lucky, I guess. But those sure were the good old days.

In old, uh, friendship,

Memo
Dear Norman:
It is hard to understand why so many *SR* readers should complain that I don't answer my mail. I compose careful answers to everything—I am compulsive that way. But when I mail what I have written, I get replies telling me how entirely no good my letter was.

I respect these criticisms from our readers and have tried to apply them. Now before signing a letter, I reread it and throw it in the wastebasket as an act of practical criticism.

I know that may seem wasteful. The fact is, I need a secretary out here in New Jersey. Have you noticed that model agency in the building next door? Let's have lunch and see what good ideas we can put together.

As ever, ◉

"Sure it's a nuisance to run home for every meal; but it's either that or the Chinese-restaurant syndrome."

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Light Refractions

Shackmates, Grynnflnks, Contuberni, etc.

by Thomas H. Middleton

THE "Light Refractions" in the May 28 *SR*, called "My Daughter, Debbie, and Albert, Her Waddyacallit," apparently struck a lot of responsive chords, if I can judge from the amount of mail I received in response to it.

The column dealt with the problem of what term to use for the young person of the opposite sex with whom your son or daughter is living without having gone through the formality of getting married. I said I liked the suggestion of Mrs. Gordon Corbett, of Anchorage, Alaska, who proposed *intime*.

Most of my correspondents liked *intime*, but as was to be expected, there were many who didn't, and a surprising number took me to task for "recommending" the nickname *Timmies*. Mrs. Corbett had pointed out that one of the advantages of *intime* is that "it permits a nickname. Now I can refer to the beloved partners of our children as our own dear Timmies."

In that context, *Timmies* is clearly, I think, Mrs. Corbett's nickname for her own offspring's intimes. It would be presumptuous of me to object to it, and it would be asinine of me to suggest that anyone else use it. Nicknames, especially family nicknames, are to be neither dictated nor sniffed at by those outside the family, so I was puzzled by the letters expressing mild outrage at "my suggestion" that readers use *Timmies*.

Timmies is not my suggestion, nor is it Mrs. Corbett's suggestion. It is her own personal term of endearment, and if *Timmies* is okay with her and with the intimes involved, that's fine.

Several alternatives were offered to *intime*. Some I liked, but most I didn't. The most popular one, judging from my mail, was *sin-in-law*, which I dislike on two counts. First, it works for only one sex; and second, it implies, however jocularly, that there is something sinful involved. I think there are such things as sins, and I take them seriously, but I don't think unmarried cohabitation is in that league.

George A. Bangs, of Rapid City, South Dakota, suggested a term and reported an interesting sidelight. He wrote:

Seven or eight years ago, my youngest son, Philip, was in Minneapolis pursuing, among other things, an education. One evening, I received a phone call (collect, of course) and heard him announce in a triumphant voice: "Dad, this education business is going to be a little less expensive from now on." I braced my feet and waited.

"You remember meeting Lynell—well, she's going to move into the apartment and share expenses with me." I managed a responsive "oh" in a normal tone of voice.

"But Dad, we've got a problem." I managed another "oh," but this time it quivered.

"We don't know how to tell her folks. You see—they're Republicans."

Thus it was that I learned for the first time the true difference between the great political parties of our nation. After the initial shock wore off, Lynell and I became very good friends, and I resolved the word problem with which you are wrestling by referring to her as my daughter-out-law. She responded by the announcement that she would be very happy to have me for a father-out-law.

I am happy to report that the young people are now very happily married and that I have become a proud grandfather. I am also happy that it happened in that order.

The Republicans ultimately got the word, I suppose, but as usual, they got it long after the Democrats.

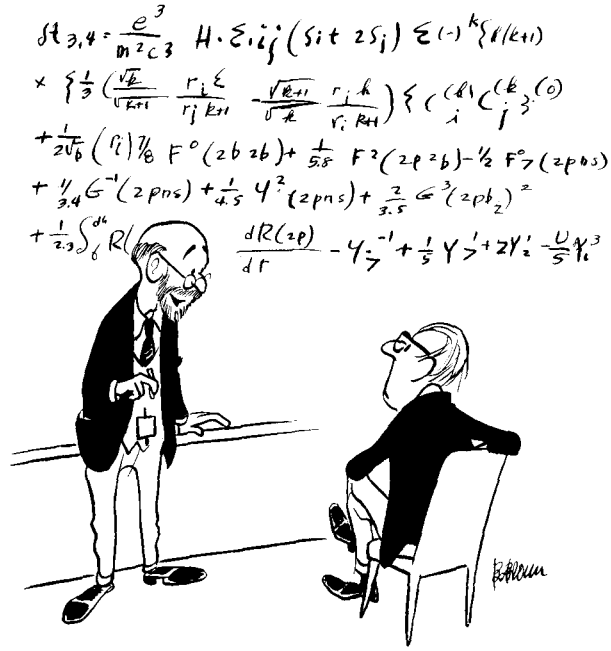
My feeling about *daughter-out-law*, a term that also came in multiples, along with the complementary *son-out-law*, is that here, too, there's an outmoded implication of wrongdoing that, though it might be in fun, doesn't feel right to me. And they're awkward.

Two letters suggested *spose*. Paul Hughes, of Phoenix, Arizona, says, "Out here, the growing practice is to refer to unwed cohabitants as sposes instead of spouses, because families and friends are constantly inquiring, 'S'pose they'll ever get married?' "

Other nominations were *shackmate*, which I think has a nice robust ring to it, but which also implies a raunchier affair than the ones we're trying to deal with; *co-vivant* and *co-vivante*; *loved one*, which, probably because of Evelyn Waugh, is equivalent in my mind to *deceased*; *affiliate*; *partner*; *contuberna* and *contubernus*; *live-in*; *leman* (which is in the *OED* and has an ancient history, but, I predict, no future); *with-live*; *concubine*; and *grynnflnk*, which was put together from the leftover letters of a Scrabble game.

Given *grynnflnk*, it's noteworthy that some people objected to *intime* on the grounds that it's hard to pronounce. "Ann-team" is close enough. If anyone sneers at your ann-team, write him off as a persnickety carper.

In any case, I'm staying with Mrs. Corbett's *intime*. ◉



"It's just a guess, of course, but at least it's an educated guess."

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Travel *from page 49*

14-foot mural that depicts a scene in The Ballroom itself. Artists of local and art-world celebrity are shown in startlingly vivid poses, seated at tables or table-hopping. Robert Indiana, the noted contemporary artist, and Ivan Karp, the pioneer SoHo art dealer and all-around entrepreneur, are among those portrayed in the scene, which, as restaurant art of putative historical import, has been compared with Ludwig Bemelmans's brushwork in the Carlyle Hotel uptown, Maxfield Parrish's mural for the St. Regis, and Howard Chandler Christy's murals, which were retained at the Café des Artistes when it was recently reopened. Thus SoHo, only ten years old, has already left a historical marker, and what better way than in the medium that created it in the first place?

Galleries can take any form in SoHo, veering from the traditional expanse of parquet floor, as large as a gallery in the Prado, to the inkpot called Let There Be Neon, at 451 West Broadway, across the street from The Ballroom. Only in semi-darkness can this gallery's wares be shown, for they are all sculptures—if that's the right word—in neon tubing: cityscapes, a frame for eyeglasses, and, most arresting of all (for $275), a smoking pistol.

The Phantom Forum on Broome Street mixes café, art, and fashion. The clothes are high costume design. The designers go back to the Twenties with eight-paneled dresses, which they produce in silk and taffeta and also in silver lamé, the price changing according to the fabric. For the inauguration of President Carter, one of the owners, Louis Andrade, a Madeiran, wrote a playlet as a tribute to the new President. It was presented, along with refreshment and the showing of clothes, for three days running, an occasion that apparently didn't faze Phantom Forum's neighbor, the Standard Paper Box Machine Company.

Perhaps because the whole concept of SoHo was founded on the image of the starving artist working in a loft, one restaurant chose to call itself W.P.A. In a decor that is all black—black tablecloths and black dishes—except for WPA murals, customers dine on Wellfleet oysters; Longboat pompano; sweetbreads, veal, and oysters in a pastry shell. Dinner for two can come to $50, no WPA grant.

Anyone who can't afford SoHo might head north of Houston. That's called NoHo. No negativism intended, mind you, only an acronym, and a derived one at that. But the imputation is there, unmistakable as a smoking handgun in a plugged-in neon sculpture. ◉

Photography *from page 45*

cept of authority and dignity embodied in the structures has been retained; spirit and substance are conveyed through symbolic detail, pattern, texture, and the dynamics of light. A small selection of the 8,000 photographs made an impressive showing at The Museum of Modern Art this season; a book is scheduled for fall publication, and an expanded version of the show will tour under the auspices of the National Trust for Historic Preservation.

Hallmark Corporation no longer maintains its Fifth Avenue gallery showcase, but it continues its stewardship of multimedia activities in Kansas City's Crown Center. A jewel in that crown is the Hallmark "Photographer's Choice" Collection, a prime selection of signed masterworks by Steichen, Kertész, Cartier-Bresson, Siskind, Callahan, and other notables. It is unique in one respect: each group of prints was chosen in consultation with the individual photographer, who affirmed the final portfolio as representative of the most significant periods in his career.

One of the more widely publicized acquisition efforts is that of the Exchange National Bank of Chicago. Spearheaded by a chairman who started collecting photographs as a teen-ager, the bank has amassed more than 2,000 original prints ranging in vintage from Fox Talbot to Ansel Adams. Rotating exhibits of about 400 examples keep the collection on view all year.

Other banking institutions that have not yet included photography in their art collections are generous about providing exhibition space and facilities. At the Bank of America in San Francisco, for example, three gallery areas and a curatorial stipend have been set aside for monthly shows featuring the work of young photographers and printmakers. In still other institutions, such as First International Bancshares in Dallas, interior-design plans have called for the commissioning of specific camera subjects to be used as photomurals.

Last year the business sector's total contribution to the arts was reported to be close to $150 million. As yet only a relatively small percentage of this sum is being channeled into the support of photography, but there is already enough black-and-white evidence in company headquarters and in corporate-sponsored museum shows to reveal a growing trend in that direction.

Such patronage makes sound business sense. The camera image's popular appeal spells increased exposure for the corporate image—and there's a buying public in that eyeing public, too. ◉

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Answer to *Fraser Young Literary Crypt No. 88* (see page 29): Conscience is a mother-in-law whose visit never ends. —H. L. Mencken

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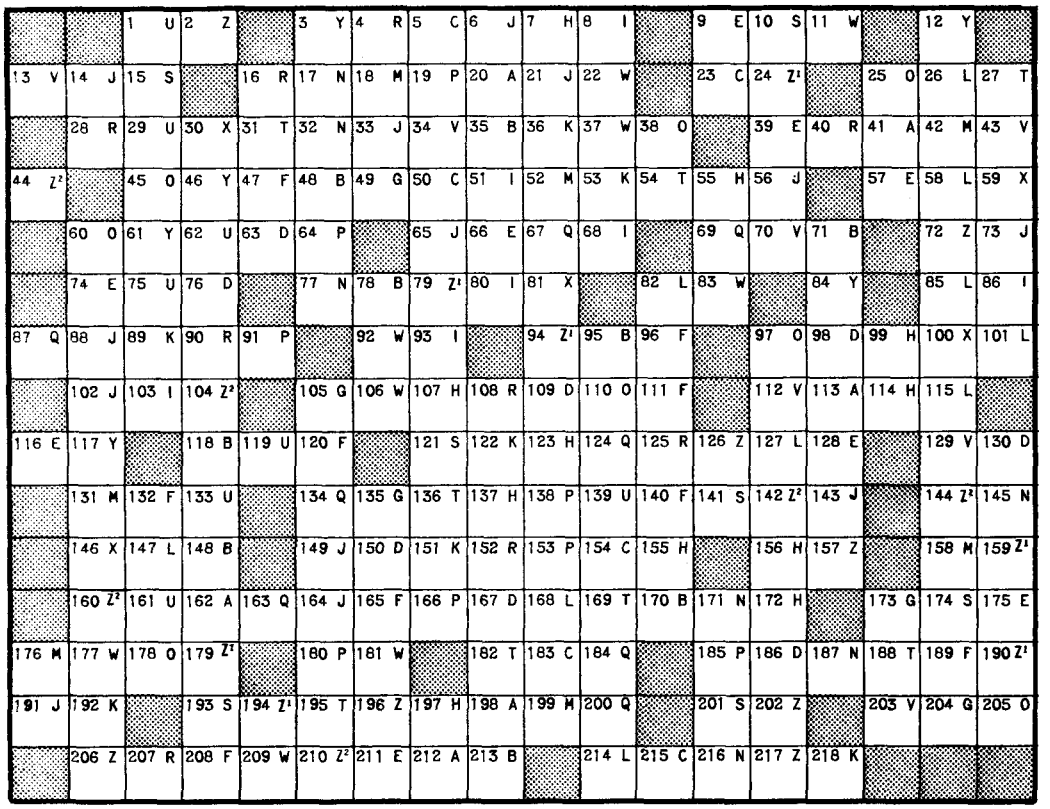

Number 128

Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS *correctly, you're on your way* to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES

A. Take advantage, earn, learn

B. Reject, omit, esp. as *being unimportant or* irrelevant

C. Sea goddess, mother of Achilles

D. Debilitate, enervate

E. *Immediately* (2 wds.)

F. Manta ray

G. Richly embroidered vestment worn by the high priest (Ex. 28:6)

H. 1934 Maxwell Anderson play (2 wds.)

I. *American poet* (1908–63), winner of 1954 Pulitzer Prize

J. Very much; to the umpteenth degree (4 wds.)

K. Brain, highbrow

L. Test word or pet phrase

M. Undertake

N. Incorrectness

WORDS

20 41 113 162 198 212

213 48 78 170 35 71 95 118 148

154 183 215 5 23 50

76 109 130 150 167 186 63 98

175 211 39 57 74 116 9 66 128

111 120 140 165 189 208 47 96 132

135 173 204 49 105

114 137 172 197 7 155 107 156 55 99 123

8 51 80 93 103 68 86

88 164 191 6 21 33 73 149 56 65 102 14 143

192 218 36 53 89 151 122

168 26 58 85 214 82 101 115 127 147

158 176 199 18 42 52 131

145 171 77 187 216 17 32

CLUES

O. "_____ eye, in a fine frenzy rolling" (2 wds.; *Midsummer Night's Dream*)

P. Bleach

Q. Banter, badinage

R. City founded in 1779 by a group of pioneers headed by James Robertson

S. Daughter of Erechtheus who sacrificed her life for an Athenian victory

T. Large floodlight having a single bulb

U. Book of the Old Testament

V. Haggis ingredient

W. "O flesh, flesh, how art thou _____!" (*Romeo and Juliet*)

X. Useful quality

Y. Exhaust the strength or endurance of by hunger

Z. Natural liking

Z1. "X," "Y," or perhaps "Z"

Z2. View or belief

WORDS

38 97 110 45 178 205 25 60

91 138 153 180 64 185 166 19

69 124 163 87 67 184 134 200

207 4 16 28 90 108 125 152 40

174 193 121 201 15 141 10

188 136 169 31 54 195 182 27

161 133 119 29 1 139 62 75

129 43 203 13 34 70 112

83 177 11 37 92 181 209 106 22

30 59 81 100 146

3 12 61 84 117 46

196 157 202 126 217 206 72 2

190 24 79 159 194 94 179

44 104 142 160 144 210

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 127* appears on page 57.

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Returning Sex to the Bedroom

"Anita Bryant has inflamed irrational prejudices and fostered fear and hatred."

THE worst consequence of the growing conflict over homosexual rights is that it forces one to focus attention on other people's sexual preferences. What a waste. There are too many things that need doing, too many groups around the world whose fundamental rights are endangered, too many mouths that need feeding and minds that need enlightening for one to have to devote energy, attention, intelligence, and editorial space to a person's sleepmate preferences.

Without question, Anita Bryant is a force for evil. She has inflamed irrational prejudices and fostered fear and hatred. Her assertions of the danger homosexuals present to society are patent nonsense. I have had homosexual teachers who inspired me and heterosexual teachers who bored me; and homosexual teachers who bored me and heterosexual teachers who inspired me. Their sexual proclivities were irrelevant.

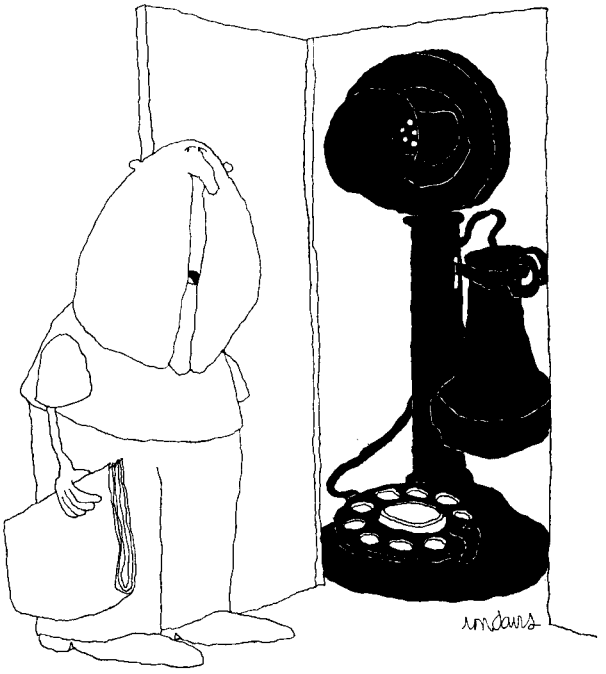
True, if you put a homosexual in a classroom with a student of the same sex, there is a chance of seduction. If you put a heterosexual teacher in a room with a student of the opposite sex, there is a chance of seduction. There is always a chance. But to suggest that there is a likelihood of seduction, as Anita Bryant suggests about homosexual teachers, is doing the devil's work, not God's.

Homosexuals should have the rights guaranteed them by the Bill of Rights. What I object to is that they are demanding these rights as homosexuals rather than as ordinary citizens. On the day before the June 6 Dade County referendum, the *Miami Herald* declared that the ordinance guaranteeing homosexuals these rights was unnecessary and should therefore be repealed. That was considered a dodge both by proponents and opponents of the ordinance. But it was not. We should no more need laws guaranteeing the rights of homosexuals than we should need laws guaranteeing the rights of celibates or cat lovers. These rights exist. If they are denied, then it is up to the courts to see that they are enforced.

The issue, I know, is more complex than that. For too long, homosexuals were forced to hide their affections, fearful of being hounded out of their jobs and social groups. Homosexual men and women were pressured by their families into unfortunate marriages. The anguish associated with the "dark secret" stunted innumerable lives.

Gradually, as the taboo against sex, and against nonheterosexual sex, was removed, sex became more than a subject about which one could talk freely: it became a preoccupation. *Portnoy's Complaint*, *The Joy of Sex*, and all their imitators assumed that the sexual act was in itself fascinating. One was instructed to maximize sexual enjoyment in the same way that one was taught to bake a pie. The real interest of human relations, the complexity of passion, was lost in a jabberwocky of antiseptic technological terminology. "Vaginal orgasm"!—what on earth could such an abstract term have to do with pleasure?

I look forward to the day when sex returns to the privacy of the home—not just homosexuality, but *all* sex—and we can concentrate on more immediate and more important concerns. I'm afraid that day is far off. Anita Bryant and her opponents must fight their war to some kind of finish, and we of the press must report from the sidelines, while some of the more significant issues of the day are slighted or ignored. —CARLL TUCKER



"Gladys, telephone for you!"

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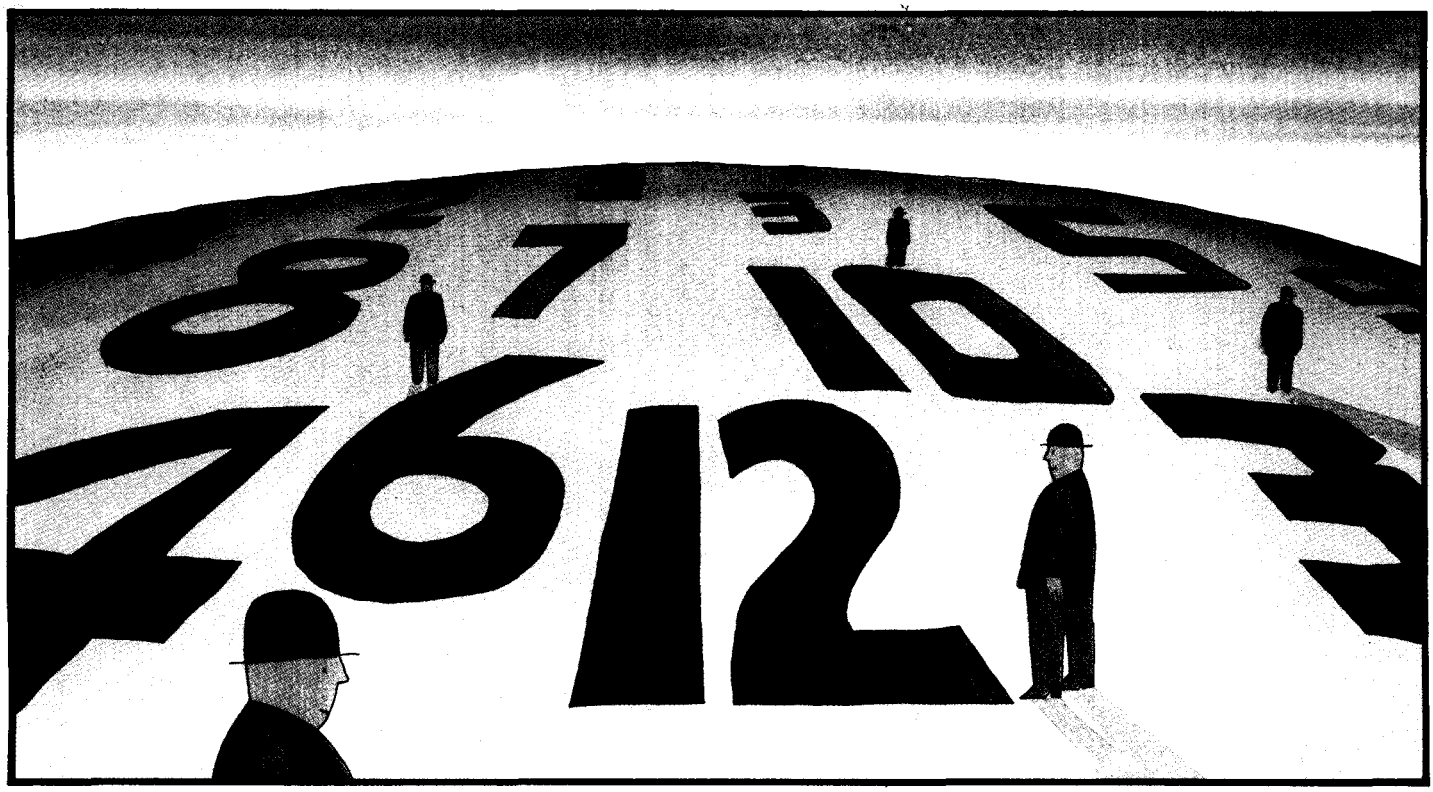
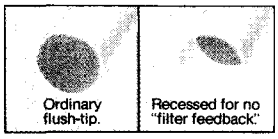
There's more to choosing a low-tar cigarette than just picking a number.



Any low-tar cigarette will give you a low-tar number. But there's something else that you should consider. We call it "filter feedback."



As you smoke, tar builds up on the tip of your cigarette filter. That's "filter feedback." Ordinary flush-tipped filters put that tar build-up flat against your lips.

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10 mg. Kings
12 mg. 100's

More than just a low-tar number. Parliament.

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Kings: 10 mg. "tar," 0.6 mg. nicotine—
100's: 12 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Apr. '77.

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